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What Russia Has Lost

by Max Werner

Smoke Out "America First"! *Editorial*

Hitler Swallows the Army . . . *Thomas Reveille*

The Scotch Plaid Decade *Bruce Bliven*

Revolt in Europe *Editorial*

The New Pension Grab . . *Roger William Riis*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Neutrality: One Bite or Two?

When the neutrality law was passed six years ago, it represented an honest attempt on the part of the United States to avoid being dragged accidentally into a war that was no concern of ours. Because of a feeling that the loss of American lives at sea had helped get us into the First World War, Americans were forbidden to travel on the vessels of belligerents, and subsequently our merchant ships were ordered to keep out of stipulated zones of danger and arming them was forbidden. Since armament manufacturers were believed to foment war, American business firms were prohibited from selling munitions abroad. The Spanish civil war caused the act to be modified to include conflicts of that character. Subsequently, sympathy for Britain caused another modification, permitting "cash and carry" sale of materials. The "cash" provision was afterward circumvented by the lease-lend law.

From the beginning the law did not work as it was expected to do. Since the President had the power to say whether any struggle was or was not a war, the whole matter was at his discretion. It suited his purposes not to invoke the law in connection with the Japanese attack on China, and both these belligerents for their own purposes were glad to have it so.

Whatever may have been true in the past, the neutrality law has no relation to the realities of today. Instead of trying to keep out of a war that is none of our business, we are uniting with other nations to resist a menace that is worldwide. Yet we cannot put guns on our ships to protect them on the high seas.

We cannot send our vessels with supplies to a Britain which is fighting a war that is also ours.

The New Republic is in favor of going to war, and regards repeal of the Neutrality Act at this time as a comparatively unimportant preliminary. The only real question is whether to do it all at once, or in successive bites. Some people in Washington believe that Congress and public opinion are still so backward that it may be necessary to arm the ships now, and send them into the war zone only a little later. In our judgment, such delay is not necessary even for political reasons. There are increasing signs that the Americans are at last waking up to the danger of a Hitler victory, and are prepared to go as fast as or faster than the President. But whether we do it in one bite or two, we had better hurry up.

What About Japan?

It was just a year ago last week that the Japanese formally joined the Rome-Berlin Axis. Supposedly the United States and Britain are now engaged in an effort to detach Tokyo from the Rome-Berlin partnership, but although one reads of Tokyo-Washington "conversations" and hears rumors that a decision is approaching, the showdown never seems to come. On the contrary, word arrives from Tientsin that American exports to Japan, drastically reduced when Washington seemingly cut loose from appeasement, are on the rise again. Moreover, some important Japanese are saying that the empire is still loyal to the Axis and that "conversations" with Washington relate only to a settlement of the war in China.

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No one believes that Washington will consent to a settlement on Japan's terms, but recently there has been less and less reason to believe that the period of appeasement is really over. By allowing the "conversations" to drag on, Washington is playing into Tokyo's hands. It is giving the Japanese exactly what they want—time to see how the struggle in Russia is likely to end. If the present policy continues, Japan will not have to vote for or against the Axis until Russia's fate is decided. If that isn't appeasement, what is it?

Mr. Henderson on Wages

There was sound sense in Leon Henderson's speech the other night in New York City on the moot question whether wages should be controlled with prices. He pointed out that not even the totalitarian countries, which grind down the working man mercilessly, have attempted to handle both matters at once and through one agency. If the government were directly to control wages here, it should also in fairness control "the wages of management"—salaries, bonuses and other remuneration to the men at the top. This would be the beginning of a road which would put every aspect of industry under government control and destroy the profit incentive on which, Mr. Henderson says, the government is still relying for carrying through the defense effort.

He might have added another highly important difference. Wages are already controlled, by the simple expedient of the employer's refusing to pay more. Prices are theoretically controlled by a possible strike of consumers, but in fact such control is ineffective. In every country where directly limiting both wages and prices has been tried, in practice it has been found that wage controls worked much better than price controls. What we are now seeing in this country is a rapid and serious reduction in real wages, as prices go up, which will continue unless there is a corresponding increase in the worker's pay envelope.

The Bridges Case Again

Harry Bridges, who was born in Australia and never completed the process of becoming an American citizen, has long been an active and successful labor leader in San Francisco. He has been disliked by the employers there in direct proportion to his abilities, and many efforts were made to have him expelled from the country. For several decades, a law has been on the statute books forbidding entry to the United States of persons advocating the overthrow of our government by force. Dean James M. Landis sat as a special commissioner for the Department of Labor in a hearing as to whether Bridges was at that time a member of the Communist Party and therefore illegally in the United States. Dean Landis, after months of testimony, ruled that Bridges at the time of the hearing was not a member of the Communist Party, and he bitterly excoriated

some of the government's witnesses and methods.

Thereafter, a bill was introduced into Congress for the simple and brutal purpose of expelling Bridges. But this open attack was too much even for Washington, and the bill failed. It was reintroduced in broader terms and was made part of the alien-registration law last year. Under the new provision, an alien can be deported if he is now or ever has been a member of or affiliated with any party advocating violent revolution. Bridges has always denied that he was a member of the Communist Party. There is no doubt, however, that his attitude on public questions has on many occasions strikingly paralleled the Communist Party line.

Judge Charles B. Sears has acted as a new special examiner in the Bridges case, and has now reported to the Department of Justice, to which matters of this type have been transferred from the Department of Labor. Justice Sears has handed down a decision ruling that Bridges is affiliated with a revolutionary party in the meaning of the law. The case will be appealed to the higher courts, and it is of great importance that this should be done for the sake of the reputation of American justice. Meanwhile, efforts should not be halted to seek the repeal of a bad law, one which can easily be made the instrument of tyranny and has thus far been principally used only in the attempt to remove from the American scene an energetic labor leader.

War Aims That Matter

The question of Britain's war aims, raised so often in the past and answered by the British government only in general terms, has lately come to the fore again via the British Labor Party. William H. Stoneman of The Chicago Daily News, in a story that few other American newspapers seem to have picked up, announces the "frankly socialistic" war aims decided upon by the Labor Party's national executive. A committee headed by Harold J. Laski drafted the proposal for nationalization of all banks and land, and national control over all land, air and sea transport. A similar proposal was made for health, social services, education and domestic and foreign policy. British reactionaries were firmly told that post-war Britain would be a very different place, and the workers were assured that it was the intention of the Labor Party to reward their great efforts in the war by refusing to countenance post-war unemployment and distressed areas.

To our mind this candid profession of real objectives is the most valuable set of domestic war aims yet to have come out of Britain. The numerous pious wishes for "improved working conditions," "greater participation in plenty for all," etc., which have hitherto been put forward so graciously, have no place beside so frank a program as this. These are the words which the conservatives both here and in England have been hoping to muffle and which all liberals have been hoping to hear.

Production Figures

Washington believes that a corner has been turned on industrial production in the race to overhaul the output of the German war machine. The period of tooling up and building plants is nearing completion. Assembly lines are beginning to move. Here are the statistics: More than \$57,000,000,000 has been appropriated, including \$7,000,000,000 under the lease-lend program. The President has asked for \$6,000,000,000 more for lease-lend. Contracts have been let for about \$35,000,000,000 of this. Only \$10,000,000,000 has actually been paid out.

The total plane production for August was 1,854; 2,500 are expected for December, 3,000 a month by the end of spring. August figures include 150 light bombers, 250 medium and 70 heavy. The proportion of heavy bombers will rise (we hope!). In the first eight months of this year, 58 merchant ships, totaling 477,000 tons were launched. Now being built are 947 ships totaling 5,851,000 tons. The merchant-ship-construction program calls for 1,300 ships totaling 13,000,000 tons. From practically nothing—90 light tanks last January—we advanced to a production of 225 light and 139 medium tanks in September.

The turn in the corner gives a grim picture of the distance we are behind Hitler.

Smearing Corcoran

A beautiful example of a smear campaign in action has lately been seen in Washington, where Tom Corcoran was under favorable consideration for Solicitor General. This is an important post which he could have filled ably, since, despite the many virulent attacks on him by the anti-New Deal press over the past nine years, he is one of the most brilliant and useful men to appear in Washington in a long time. His enemies, hoping to prevent the appointment, accused him of bringing undue pressure in obtaining a favorable consent decree for the Sterling Products Corporation, which has been prosecuted under the Sherman Act by the Department of Justice. These critics did not add that the prosecution was initiated at Corcoran's suggestion and that the action was an attempt to prevent German exporters from entering American markets. Careful investigation shows nothing in the whole affair to Corcoran's discredit; but the hullabaloo has probably made his appointment politically impossible. The whole story is petty, personal and unjust.

Danger Signals in Argentina

The flare of revolt in the Argentine army subsided speedily, almost too quickly, in a sense, in that it was out of the cables before the full story had been printed. The trouble was chiefly confined to the air force. Acting President Castillo grounded all planes, withdrew all ammunition and arms from that branch of the service,

and replaced General Zuloaga, the Air Corps head. The Socialist newspaper *Critica*, of Santiago, Chile, charged that the insurrection was part of a Nazi plot to set up a fascist government in Argentina and follow it by a war between Argentina and Chile.

It is certain that Germany is fishing furiously in troubled South American waters. The instant concern which armed revolt south of the Rio Grande, once looked upon lightly, now arouses here indicates the military importance to the Nazis, and to us, of our long, exposed South American flank. But the reason the waters are so good for Nazi fishing is that Argentina, like every South American country, is plagued by the condition which provides the most fertile spawning ground for insurrection, civil and military—widespread economic distress aggravated by great extremes of wealth and poverty, and aggravated also by the hostility of American laws which more often regard the Argentine as a dangerous competitor for our products than as a friend who needs help.

German Communications

An interesting hint of the plan of development for South America is suggested by a quotation from the German publication *Wehr und Wissen*, the privately circulated organ of the Reichswehr and of German naval officers, reprinted by Paul Wohl in an article in *PM*. "Germany's communications by sea with Central Africa and Central and South America must not be exposed to the danger of being cut off by America," remarks Admiral Donner, in the course of a dissertation on the shape of things to come after England has been defeated as a sea power and the British Isles are "firmly incorporated into the continental system." The argument is that the German navy will control the South Atlantic because it will control the South Atlantic bases, particularly the African bases.

Admiral Donner is discussing the inevitable war between the new Europe and the United States. The strategy of that war was outlined in the same periodical by Admiral Assmann. It does not assume direct military invasion of America. It is a naval strategy of "progressive strangulation." That strategy of one step at a time has worked neatly for the Nazis to date, the final step in the chain having been held unthinkable by one enemy after another, until it was too late to think about it, or do anything except endure it. The one step that Admirals Donner and Assmann fear is that the United States will spoil the plan by taking the bases which control the African coast, before British sea power has been wiped out. The idea seems worth thinking about.

In a Georgia Prison Camp

Georgia's penal system is not usually regarded as a model, but many of us have thought that improvement had set in since the days of "I Am a Fugitive." Appar-

ently not. The Atlanta Journal recently carried a shocking story of brutality in Rising Fawn Prison Camp, isolated atop Lookout Mountain in the northwestern part of the state. On the trail of a news tip, two members of The Journal's staff arrived at Rising Fawn just as a prison investigating committee was ordering a black hearse, driven by a Negro undertaker, to turn back to camp. The investigators, like The Journal, had heard rumors of brutality at Rising Fawn.

The rumors proved to be all too true. In the hearse was found the body of a Negro prisoner who had suffocated the previous night after eleven hours in a sweatbox. The dead man had shared the sweatbox, $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, with twenty-one other prisoners. No report of the death had been made to the state prison commission. But thanks to The Journal, which published a full page of Rising Fawn pictures, Georgia learned that prisoners had been regularly beaten and brutalized. A grand-jury inquiry has been opened.

Whether Rising Fawn is typical of Georgia prison camps cannot be said. Governor Eugene Talmadge is responsible for the uncertainty. Infuriated by The Journal's disclosures, he clamped a strict censorship on an official investigation now being made of other camps. Governor Talmadge once said that he found something to admire in the Nazi system. He may have had Dachau in mind.

Last Week

Virginio Gayda, editor of the Italian newspaper *Giornale d'Italia*, who enjoys the title of "authoritative Italian spokesman" and plainly enjoys it very much, declared a new war. Italians should fake their news reports to counteract British propaganda, he wrote. And they would triumph in that effort, he added. They would do a better job of faking because they had "more imagination." He pressed his attack hotly, sending over the cables an account of the sinking of three British cruisers, four merchantmen, the damaging of the battleship Nelson and the damaging or sinking of five more light cruisers, a heavy one and a destroyer, by Italian planes in an attack on a convoy. The unimaginative British said, "one merchant ship sunk, one escorting warship damaged and slightly reduced in speed."

Signor Gayda's war of words is so one-sided, the British so hopelessly outclassed, that it cannot be possible that he really considers it worth his attention. As in so many previous instances in Italy's total war, the name of the country which she considers her true adversary seems to be oddly misspelled. Including the half-million Russians claimed to have been captured in the battle of Kiev, German communiqués have by now killed, wounded or taken prisoner 6,000,000 Russian soldiers. This is the real thing, in the way of imagination. Who can doubt that Signor Gayda and his boss know that their real rivals are Herr Goebbels and his?

Smoke Out "America First"!

IN OUR TIME, as in Patrick Henry's, it is still true that eternal vigilance is the price of freedom. It must by this time be clear to even the most casual observer of American life that the biggest internal threat to our freedom comes from the America First Committee. In saying this we do not mean to overestimate what any one organization can do in affecting the American future. Groups like America First have in the past risen and gone to their death. They have assumed a variety of guises—the Know Nothings, the Copperheads, the Ku Klux Klan, the Liberty League. Always they have themselves been the products of, just as they have helped to strengthen, the vicious forces loose in American life. The reason they have been important, in every case, is not because the men in them have been particularly important, but because they have polarized what is most reactionary in our economic and social system. That function the America First group is now performing.

That is why America First must now be shown up for what it is—now and not later, before its roots have sunk so deep in the American soil that only an upheaval can remove them. We are not questioning the right of this group, as of any group, to take part in the Great Debate over American foreign policy. But neither can the American people surrender their right to know everything possible about America First, and to subject it to the rules of fair play in American public discussion. For the thing that is dangerous about America First is that it has become the effective General Staff of all the fascist, semi-fascist and proto-fascist elements in America. It has become the focal point of anti-Semitism; it feeds the disruptive forces of Roosevelt-hatred; it has connection with all the groups that are complaisant about a Hitler victory or even welcome the prospect of it.

But it does all this while professing the loftiest patriotic motives, and implying that whoever is for an all-out fight against Hitlerism must be a Red, a Jew, an Anglophile or an administration rubberstamp. The only thing to do with the America First Committee, therefore, is to smoke it out of its high pretensions, and show up its social consequences for exactly what they are.

We call, first, for a congressional investigation of the America First group. Let in the light. We have a right to know where the money comes from, who it is that furnishes the sinews of the war that America First is waging against the whole American democratic heritage. Last year, when there were cries about the William Allen White committee, that group had enough candor to publish the list of all its principal financial contributions. The America First Committee was challenged to do the same. It issued a highly se-

lect and bowdlerized list, but it did not have the courage to come clean with the whole story. A congressional investigation could get some highly interesting data here. And similarly it could subpoena whatever material exists on the connections between America First and the intricate network of little Bunds all over the country. A Congress that has lost prestige drastically by the irresponsibilities of Martin Dies and the low comedy of its investigation of Hollywood could retrieve some of it by launching an investigation that would be socially useful.

We call, second, for a thorough overhauling of the machinery of the congressional franking privilege. As T. R. B. points out in this issue of *The New Republic*, a federal grand jury that has been looking into the non-registration of foreign agents has uncovered material about the abuse of the franking privilege that emits an unholy stench. Representative Hamilton Fish has been giving his frank to an organization whose guiding spirit, Prescott Dennett, is accused by the Department of Justice of having accepted money from known German agents. We have long known that there is a stream of anti-democratic propaganda pouring into the homes of millions of Americans under the frank of congressmen. The time has come to make those congressmen responsible for the things to which they lend their name. They should no longer be able to plead innocence, as Representative Fish is doing, of the propaganda belt-line that any postman knows about.

We call, third, for definite action on Lindbergh's speeches by the National Association of Broadcasters. After his Jew-baiting speech at Des Moines, Lindbergh's pretense of making non-political speeches is a tattered cloak to hide behind. In the heyday of Coughlin's radio attacks on the Jews, the Association wisely adopted a rule that in the case of broadcasts dealing with such subjects a full copy of the speech had to be submitted to the radio stations beforehand, and provision made for an answer on the other side. Lindbergh is as clear a case for the application of the rule as Coughlin ever was. When it has been made clear that Lindbergh belongs in this category of rabble-rousers, the marginal groups that still regard him with some respect will know the material with which they are dealing.

Fourth, we are waiting, as the whole democratic world is waiting, for a definite declaration by Pope Pius on where the Catholic Church stands in this war between two incompatible worlds. The arrival in London of Myron Taylor, President Roosevelt's personal emissary to the Pope, and the conferences that he is holding there, should serve to clear up this most important question. No nation is more deeply concerned with it than America, because it is in America that anti-democratic groups are working hardest to turn Catholic sentiment against administration policy in its aid to

Britain and Russia. Whether or not the America First group takes part in these efforts, it is their legatee and is reaping their results. No single event could do more to undercut the influence of the Lindbergh drive in America than a forthright declaration by the papacy that the anti-Hitler fight is as much the cause of the Catholics as it is of men of good will of every religious persuasion.

Mr. Morgenthau's Bombshell

THE PROPOSAL of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau to restrict corporation profits to six percent of invested capital came almost as a slip of the tongue during his testimony on the price-control bill. But once stated, it touched off what is sure to become the most revealing debate on profiteering and excess-profits taxes since the emergency was declared. If Mr. Morgenthau sticks to his guns and if the President does not let him down, there is even some likelihood that Congress may be shamed into passing a compromise bill that will plug the worst loopholes in the present law.

With inflation controls in preparation, big business is getting set for a terrific fight on this issue. Its objectives are, quite simply, low, strong ceilings for farm prices and industrial wages, with only token restrictions on profits. Should Congress fall for this program (and it has never let the profiteers down yet), the fight against inflation would be lost at the very outset. At the moment, as Mr. Morgenthau told the House Banking and Currency Committee, it is prices and profits that have gotten out of hand and it is there that a beginning must be made.

The question now is whether the six-percent limit on profits is a serious proposal or merely a basis for bargaining. Drastic as the scheme is in many ways, the principle involved is one that the Treasury has fought for all along: that is, to base allowable profits solely on invested capital or, as Mr. Morgenthau puts it, "dollars put into the business." He has always fought the alternative method in the present law which permits corporations to escape excess-profits taxes until they have earned more than their average for the base period 1936-39. The corporations and such papers as *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times* have argued that these "normal, peacetime profits" must not be subject to excess-profits taxes and Congress has always made their word law. Technically, of course, they are correct; but Mr. Morgenthau is absolutely right to insist that these companies now contribute part of their gigantic "normal" earnings. It is quite bad enough to know that they have always escaped their fair share of the tax burden without letting them get away with it at a time when most Americans are accepting increasingly heavy sacrifices.

What the Treasury's proposal actually means is that excess profits must be redefined as profits above a reasonable level in the light of emergency conditions. It wipes out the distinction between "war" profits and "normal" profits and seeks merely to hit on a rough-and-ready fair return on money invested. Already many newspapers and several congressmen have sought to confuse the issue by crying "confiscation" and pointing out indignantly that Mr. Morgenthau doesn't seem to know the conventional definition of excess profits. What is more to the point is whether, with wages, prices and farm income sure to be pegged in one way or another, business would be getting a fair deal under the Treasury plan. The answer to that is that some companies would actually find it to their advantage while many others would be rudely pushed away from the gravy bowl.

Corporations claiming huge capital investments, especially railroads and steel companies, could stand a six-percent ceiling with very little suffering indeed. At that figure their profits are tremendous; beyond it many of them are nothing short of shameless. In fact, it is fair to criticize Mr. Morgenthau for letting these categories off so easily. Certainly one argument for a more flexible formula is that the big war babies should be taxed before they have taken six-percent profits. Still, if invested capital were literally interpreted to mean "dollars put into the business," most of these companies would wind up with a smaller invested-capital figure and a correspondingly smaller dollar profit. Many coal companies would be similarly affected.

Hardest hit would be those corporations whose invested capital is low but whose profits have been consistently high. The measure of Congress' desire to "take the profits out of war" is seen in the fact that these companies are but lightly affected by the law now on the books. It is this category that the Treasury would like to catch up with, and rightly. The defense put up for these "normal, peacetime" profiteers is that they got that way through initiative, aggressiveness, perseverance, etc., and that to tax them at a point below their average earnings would be to penalize those estimable virtues. Now on the face of it there is a certain amount of truth in this argument. But it is also true that the age limit of twenty-eight years for draft purposes is a sort of tax on the accident of being young and in good health. The only criterion in these times must be capacity to contribute, and dollar-a-day draftees and their families are not apt to be impressed with the thin plea that some profiteers happen to be slick operators whose run of luck began before Hitler cut loose.

From past performances we doubt that a proposal as realistic as this one will have a chance of success in the present Congress. Last summer a bill "with teeth in it" was promised. When it was signed and

became the law now in effect, Wall Street was so tickled that the stock market enjoyed a rise. Nor has Mr. Roosevelt yet shown the courage to fight openly for an effective excess-profits tax, although nominally he has backed the Treasury's proposals. Senator George and Representative Doughton have already promised the death blow to the six-percent idea. We think that they can deliver it, too. But Mr. Morgenthau's bomb-shell will have plenty of nuisance value and a good fight by the administration should assure a much firmer law than the lobby-written farce we have now. High prices and the fight against inflation seem to have aroused the public at last. This trip it will take a mighty brazen politician to ask the folks back home to ratify first aid for profiteers.

Revolt in Europe

A FLAME OF REVOLT is riding down the wind through occupied Europe. In Norway, men have been shot within the past week or two for opposing the German rule, and it is plain that the shootings have not destroyed the spark of resistance. In Czecho-Slovakia, the former Premier has been arrested for "preparation to commit treason and high treason," and it is clear that he does not stand alone. A secret radio is summoning the Czechs to resist the invader.

In France, the old spirit of Liberty begins to be revealed again. Germans and French Fascists are finding it unsafe to walk the streets at night even though the occupying army resorts to the utterly savage practice of killing innocent hostages in proportions of ten to one. In Yugoslavia the Serbs are fighting, despite being reduced to merely emptying old hunting rifles against the Stukas that dive upon them. (While the morale of the democratic forces is thus rising, that of Italy is hitting an all-time low, with reports of frequent riots and an admitted food scarcity that is causing rigid rationing.)

It would be easy to belittle the importance of such a situation. What, people are inclined to ask, can an enslaved population, without arms, do against invaders who would welcome nothing more than the chance to murder in cold blood half the people in a given territory? The answer is that even such a people, brought to the verge of starvation by the spoliation of their food resources, can do a great deal.

No country is occupied except by the consent, however grudging, of a majority of its civilian population. In the past if you shot ten men out of a hundred, it was usually sufficient to make the other ninety give up, at least for the time being. But if the other ninety are inflamed to the point of continued resistance, there are still ways open for them. Arms in limited quantities can always be found underground. The food of the invaders can be poisoned; their railroad trains wrecked; their telegraph wires cut. Such actions are

now going on throughout Europe, from the fjords of Norway to the Hellespont. They make it necessary for Germany to send to these countries first-class soldiers instead of the elderly home guards heretofore deemed sufficient, and this is required at a moment when Hitler needs every man he can get for the Eastern Front. In Czech munition factories the workers are indulging in a slow-down, at peril of their lives, which cripples the output of munitions up to 50 percent. Most of all, the news of what is happening runs from country to country and into Germany itself. There it encourages the still considerable number of anti-Nazis and throws doubt and fear into the minds of the conceited and stupid Hitlerites who, caring nothing for liberty themselves, cannot imagine that it can mean so much to other men.

This begins to be a black hour for Hitler. It is black even in Russia, where his armies grind ahead at fearful cost, because it is more and more apparent that it will take years, perhaps decades, to subdue the Russian people and in the meantime he will get from the USSR supplies even smaller than the little that he had before. It is black in Western Europe, where something like a moral judgment of all humanity begins to level an accusing finger against the archenemy of all freedom. A black hour for Hitler is a white hour for us, since all decent people throughout the world now stand against him, even if only in the knowledge that we are on his list, that if he has his way the scenes of Europe may soon be repeated here. The question then is: What can we do to make this black hour blacker still?

In England and the United States many voices are being raised to ask whether an immediate military invasion of Europe is not now possible, to strike hands with the millions whose own hands are very nearly their only weapons. To these demands the British government replies that such an invasion is not possible at this moment. It lacks the ships; a million tons are required to transport five divisions—a mere 75,000 men; with mechanized divisions, 74 vessels are needed for a single one. Enough men and material must be kept in England to resist invasion; large numbers of other men and many items of equipment are being used, and are badly needed, in Egypt, Irak and Iran. Contrary to the current impression, huge amounts of needed materials have already been sent to Russia—including, for example, literally millions of pairs of army boots of which the Russians are gravely short.

The British High Command feels that more harm than good would be done if a small force were landed on the Continent and were promptly wiped out. Even five divisions would need a million tons of ships which do not now exist, and would have little chance against the 250 crack divisions of veteran troops that Hitler has available. Despite all these difficulties, it is quite possible, however, that within the next few months a

British invasion may be seen, not through Western Europe but from the East, through the Caucasus, in joint coöperation with the Russian allies. Long before that, a vigorous Western thrust through Libya is to be expected.

Whether the British are right or wrong, it is impossible to say from across the Atlantic. There is general agreement, however, that a landing ought to be attempted, perhaps in Norway, perhaps in the south of France, at the very earliest moment that such a thing is possible. The New Republic, which believes that America should have declared war long ago on the entire Axis, naturally also believes that this country should participate in such an effort to the maximum possible extent, taking equipment from our own defensive stores if necessary.

Meanwhile, what can be done to help the new underground army that is forming, out of desperation, throughout Europe? Here we can do far more than we have yet even thought of. The work of the Free World Association, described in *The New Republic* of August 11 by Michael Straight, points the way. Arms should be smuggled into Europe. Money should be provided for underground work, including propaganda through every medium. Spokesmen for the democracies should go into these conquered territories to bring the story by word of mouth—and there are hundreds of brave men, natives of the ravaged lands, eager to depart on such missions.

An underground army must operate like any other military force. It must have a general staff; a political department to work out the line of policy; a department of secret work; arms supply, propaganda and recruitment. We can learn something from the technique of the secret fascist groups which Hitler set up in the countries he afterward invaded. In all this work America and England can play a tremendous part, beginning now, beginning on a great scale. The Europeans are going out, in large numbers, prepared to die for liberty. Do we still care enough for liberty to offer them a helping hand?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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How Much Has Russia Lost?

HITLER's primary objectives today are the Soviet industrial centers. The seventh week of the war saw the first German offensive in the Ukraine. Since then it has become clear that German strategy aims at paralyzing Soviet war economy through the capture and destruction of industrial centers.

The functioning of Soviet war economy depends on four factors—raw materials, heavy industry, the machine-building industry and the armament industry proper. From the viewpoint of vulnerability to war operations, there are three Soviet zones—the zone of German occupation which contains the Soviet industrial centers that have already been lost; the zone that is menaced by current German offensives—Leningrad on the one hand, the industries of Kharkov, the Donets Basin and Rostov on the other; and finally the great industrial regions that have not been threatened up to the present and perhaps cannot ever be threatened—those of eastern Russia, the Urals and Siberia.

To summarize the losses suffered so far: in western and southwestern Russia there were virtually no vital war industries—neither raw-material, heavy industry, machine-building industry nor armaments. The new Soviet industries were planned and built in such a way that no industrial centers vital to war were established within a zone of approximately 250 to 300 miles from the old frontier. Even big cities like Kiev and Odessa were relatively weak in machine-building industries—Leningrad, of course, is an exceptional case.

The only Soviet industrial region vital to war that has so far fallen to the Germans is that along the lower Dnieper. It is of considerable importance, especially as a source of raw materials. Here the Soviet Union has lost about half its iron ore, somewhat less than half its aluminum and less than one-fifth of its electric power. The losses sustained by Soviet heavy industry and the machine-building industry are relatively light—five to eight percent for heavy industry and less than five percent for machine production. Armament industry proper was almost entirely lacking in this region. Two raw materials vital to war have been badly hit—iron ore and aluminum. These losses may not be felt immediately, for Soviet industry has sufficient supplies for several months. The solution lies in increasing iron-ore and aluminum production in the Urals—or in the military reconquest of the lost region.

The regions now threatened are of greater importance. One-fifth of the Soviet machine-building industry is concentrated in Leningrad. The Donets Basin holds about half of the Soviet production of coal, pig iron and steel. With Kharkov and Rostov, it holds another fifth of Soviet machine-building industries. These are the vital centers of the Soviet economy in general and of

the Soviet war economy in particular. They are not all exposed to the same degree of danger. Leningrad has already been almost cut off. Its war industries can continue to work for the defense of the city, but communications with the rear are impeded. At the time this is written the rear communications of the Donets Basin are not yet menaced. But for the immediate future the most important objectives of the struggle are Leningrad, the Donets Basin, Kharkov and Rostov. The yield and the efficiency of all Soviet industry hang on their defense. About half of Soviet heavy industry and something less than half of the machine-building industry are involved.

Soviet armament industry proper is more favorably situated than heavy industry and the machine-building industry. The distribution of Soviet war industry does not coincide with the so-called "regionalization" of Soviet industry as a whole. War industry has been pushed eastward to a far greater degree than industry in general. It is far less exposed. The Germans have seized virtually no Soviet armament industries, of which less than one-fourth are in the threatened zones. The Soviet aircraft industry is concentrated in the region of Moscow, around Voronezh and the Volga, with but a few scattered plants along the coast of the Sea of Azov. The centers of Soviet tank production are Stalin-grad on the Volga and Chelyabinsk in the Urals. The newer Soviet production of heavy guns, which is of very great volume, is concentrated in the Urals. Leningrad's old ordnance plants produce naval guns. The only armament industry in the danger zone is naval shipbuilding in that city. More than four-fifths of Soviet armament industry lies beyond the zones of occupation and danger. It is threatened less by military action than by shortage of raw materials.

Soviet armament industry actually has favorable perspectives. It has great reserves for increasing its productive capacity. Its vast plant permits substantial expansion of production. As early as 1936 the Soviet aircraft industry employed between 220,000 and 250,000 workers, more than the United States aircraft industry in 1941. Since 1936 Soviet aircraft production has more than doubled. Virtually the entire machine-building industry may be considered a potential reserve for war industry. Even in peacetime the transfer of the greater part of Soviet machine-building industry to war needs was systematically prepared. It makes up a larger part of industry as a whole in Russia than in any other country—26 percent. It is specially suited to the production of auxiliary mechanized equipment for the army. The tractor industry, in turn, makes up a larger part of the machine-building industry than in other countries—about nine percent. The annual pro-

duction reaches the enormous total of almost 250,000 units. This entire Soviet tractor capacity can be regarded as a tank-production reserve in wartime; indeed, it has for years been technically adapted to tank production. It turns out only caterpillar tractors.

There are two possible variations for the future efficiency and productivity of Soviet war economy. If Leningrad, the Donets Basin, Kharkov and Rostov hold out, the economic war strength of the Soviet Union will, on the whole, be maintained, though there will be bottlenecks in the iron-ore and aluminum supply. If these regions are lost, the situation will become critical, though not hopeless. Soviet war industry can count on its Ural and Siberian raw-material bases—that is, on one-third of total Soviet coal-and-iron production. The problem of transportation from these bases can be solved. If the Moscow industrial region remains in Soviet hands, almost 45 percent of the total Soviet machine industry will remain available, including the eastern regions.

In any event it can be anticipated that half to two-thirds of the armament industry proper will remain intact. There will be a grave economic crisis, but immediate armament production will be maintained at a substantial level. All economic reserves will of course be commandeered by the armament industry.

A considerable expansion of an armament industry is possible even after serious economic losses have been sustained, as was shown by France in the First World War. France lost almost her entire coal production and a major part of her heavy industry, but ruthless concentration of all remaining resources sent French arms production to dizzy heights.

At worst, the Soviet Union can count on a production of some 10,000,000 tons of iron ore, 8,000,000 tons each of pig iron and steel, 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 tons of coal. That may not be enough, but it will produce a quantity of arms for continued defense.

It is certain that the Soviet government knows what is at stake. It is certain that the greatest efforts will be put forward to defend the first line of Soviet economic staying power—the line Kharkov-Donets Basin-Rostov. It is certain that for this defense army reserves from all over southern and southeastern Russia will be used, as well as perhaps part of the Red Army High Command's reserves. In defending the country's vital centers the Red Army so far has shown not only extreme tenacity but also brilliant strategy. That was true in the battle of Smolensk, which barred the way to Moscow to the assaulting German elite divisions. In the impending battle for the Donets Basin the decisive result of Soviet strategy is at stake.

Germany's war economy also adversely affects German strategy. Outstanding is the shortage of oil. The problem of Germany's oil supply is at least as important as the problems of Russia's coal and iron. In the Soviet Union Hitler is likely to find only oil wells that have

been thoroughly wrecked. It is quite possible that during the next year there will be a race between the Soviet coal-and-iron crisis and the German oil crisis. The question is which war economy will be able to outlast the other. It will also be a question whether a threatened German occupation will compel the Russians to destroy their oil fields. Nor must the strategic geography of oil be overlooked in connection with the war in the East. At present the Germans are still nine hundred miles by air from Baku—the distance from the lower Dnieper to Rostov and from Rostov to Baku. A conquest along the road to Baku, through mountain ranges that are higher than the Alps, is virtually unthinkable.

The route to the north Caucasian oil fields is far shorter—little more than four hundred miles—but it is none too easy. To cut off Russian oil supplies while at the same time removing the need for a campaign in the direction of Baku, Hitler must occupy either the line Rostov-Stalingrad or the line Rostov-Astrakhan. In other words, he must get the Volga route for Caucasus oil under his control. In the former case the distance amounts to 250 miles, in the second to more than 400. Neither can be easily covered.

Developments in the last few days show more and more plainly that Hitler's strategy is turning in the direction of the Black Sea. The attack on the Crimea followed the attack on the Donets Basin; for this there were two possible reasons. In pursuing his offensive on the centers of southern Russia, Hitler may want to lean on a secured coastal flank. More probably he has broader strategic aims, including the conquest of the Black Sea Caucasus coast.

If this is true, Hitler is seeking oil. The long journey to Grosny-Maikop in the northern Caucasus and to Batum is about to begin. In all likelihood Axis activities in the Black Sea are connected with these plans. On the diplomatic front Hitler's strategy is disclosed by pressure on Bulgaria and Turkey. He seeks to have Bulgaria enter the war immediately, while his minimum demands on Turkey include the opening of the Dardanelles. Turkish consent to the entry of the Italian navy into the Black Sea is essential to any large-scale German undertaking there. Rumania and Bulgaria have virtually no naval forces and Germany herself can rally but few U-boats and mosquito boats at Rumanian and Bulgarian bases. Italy alone has naval forces available for the Black Sea. But quite apart from Turkey's reaction, it is a question whether Mussolini will be happy about risking a good part of his navy for the sake of Hitler's oil strategy. Yet Hitler needs the Italian navy in the Black Sea for landing operations on the Caucasus coast. Such landing operations, undertaken against a fortified and guarded position such as the Caucasus and intended to strike at Russian economic centers from the rear, are among the riskiest known, not merely for the troops to be landed, but also for the naval forces protecting the landings. MAX WERNER

Hitler Swallows the High Command

THERE IS A MYTH about the German army that is widely believed in the United States. It is that the High Command is hostile to the Nazis and loyal to the old German ideals, that it is an island of conservatism and common sense in a Germany of fanaticism and lies. Those who believe this myth would probably accept the idea that if Hitler were overthrown, the Allies could afford to make peace with a government in which the High Command was heavily represented. Not only is this whole conception false, but there is reason to believe that it has been cultivated deliberately by Hitler to prepare for an eventuality in which he might need to make a pretense of handing over the reins to the army while retiring temporarily into the background. The myth was succinctly expressed the other day by Dr. George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College, when he said, "The German army and its allies and its associates . . . I see no other hope for Europe."

To explode this myth one does not need to go back to the previous war. The record of the German army from the Armistice of 1918 to date is eloquent and the conclusion to which it points is unmistakable.

The German army asked for and negotiated the Armistice of 1918. That army thereby recognized explicitly its own defeat, and solemnly promised to keep the peace. No sooner was that done than its leaders embarked on their plan for world conquest once again. They carefully abstained from associating themselves with the Versailles Treaty, for which they coined the word *diktat*. To Germans, the army was presented as invincible, above all politics and strife, and innocent of defeat. When the Jew was made the scapegoat, no voice was raised in the army against the calumny. Guarded silence gave the impression that it had the army's blessing. Ludendorff openly and vehemently lent his name to the perpetuation of the lie.

The leaders of the defeated Wehrmacht began a systematic undermining of the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles. The first effort toward European reconstruction at the Genoa Conference of 1922 was largely frustrated by the treaty concluded between Germany and Soviet Russia at Rappallo. German military circles engineered it, or at the very least approved it heartily. Their motives were obvious. They desired to scotch attempts at any form of European reconstruction which might prevent a remilitarization of Germany. They were also anxious to obtain discreet means of achieving this remilitarization. The training of the Bolshevik army by German technicians offered scope for the preparatory efforts.

The systematic militarization of the Reich began as early as 1923. The organization for the war of revenge

—for *Der Tag*—ranged from studies on psychological warfare to building up the armed forces permitted by the Versailles Treaty into a formidable nucleus for the future Wehrmacht, the construction of the pocket battleships and the development of the Luft Hansa as the nucleus for the coming Luftwaffe. That part of the story is familiar and need not be retold.

The famous system of war economy, or *Wehrwirtschaft*, was not a product of the Nazi regime. German economic rearmament started in 1926, seven years before Hitler came to power. Its organizers were German army officers and men who had fought in the World War. The leader was Colonel (now General) of Infantry, Georg Thomas. He set up his War Economy Board as early as 1926, but disguised it as a Statistical Society. The importance of this board has been generally overlooked. Thomas and his assistants molded German economic developments in such lines as machine tools and raw materials, so that when Hitler came to power the switch-over of the national economy from peacetime to wartime production took place almost at a moment's notice. The plans and organization of Marshal Goering's Four Year Plan and of the mammoth Hermann Goering Works are the achievement of this board. General Thomas and his officers officially took charge of the German economic system in January, 1940. They organized and continue to run the system for the economic spoliation of conquered countries.

Hindenburg's advisers, the Prussian and other German army cliques, and the notorious von Papen were fully aware of the implications and consequences of their maneuvers when they persuaded the aged Marshal to give Adolf Hitler the reins of the German state. Among the galaxy of German army notables there was only one person who had the distinction of opposing Hitler and the Nazi Party. He was General Kurt von Schleicher, Chancellor of the Reich during the ten weeks before Hitler's seizure of power. Schleicher and his wife paid for this with their lives.

Not a voice was raised by any notable member or representative of the German army against even the most appalling practices of the Nazi Party: the pogroms of Jews, the ruthless suppression of liberals and Social Democrats, the persecution of men of learning, the concentration camps. These practices were initiated when Hitler and his party were not firmly entrenched. They were widespread when the German army was able to demand, and to get in June, 1934, the merciless purge of anti-Prussian Nazis, such as Captain Ernst Roehm, leader of the Storm Troopers, and Gregor Strasser, Deputy-Führer of the Nazi Party. If the German army was strong enough to demand the elimination of some of Hitler's earliest and closest collaborators, it could

have demanded with equal success the suppression of the unspeakable brutalities of the Nazis.

The explanation for the behavior of the German army leaders both before and during the Nazi regime is to be found partly in the identity of the aims and views of army leaders and the Nazi Party, and partly in the evolution of the Wehrmacht after Hitler came to power.

The identity of aims is practically complete. The goal of Nazism is avowedly the conquest of the world. This goal has been the predominant and incessant theme of German military writers and strategists from the time of Frederick the Great to the present day. The proposed means of achieving it are identical. Both the Nazis and the military have insisted that the education of youth should be the exclusive domain of the state. Both wish to make the entire German nation one militarized corporate body. The German military and the Nazis have preached the same doctrine on the economic organization of society. Both have demanded the maximum utilization of human and material resources for the speediest rearmament, and both have been equally insistent on autarchy as a means of rendering Germany invulnerable to economic blockades. Total warfare, ranging from the psychological attack on the civilian population of the furthestmost corner of the enemy's hinterland to wholesale armed onslaught in the field of battle, has been advocated, and practised, by the Nazi regime and the leaders of the army alike.

It is not surprising that the German army and the Nazi Party should in the course of time have achieved an identity even of person. Today it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. Education in the armed forces is so devised as to coördinate the training phase of the soldier with the ideals of Nazi education epitomized in the slogan: *Ein Reich, Ein Führer, Ein Volk*. Even officers who have missed the regular Nazi educational grind are subjected to thorough indoctrination during their compulsory year in the Labor Service, one of the fundamental Nazi Party organizations devoted to the ideological regimentation of Germans. One hour of every soldier's day is taken up with discussions and explanations of the policies and acts of the leaders of the Nazi Party. The Labor Front, which is under the leadership of the fanatical Robert Ley, organizes lectures to soldiers once a week on political, scientific and cultural subjects. The German army leaders have yielded to the Nazis even in the matter of religion and faith. The conflict between their affirmative attitude and the negative position of the Nazi Party toward Christianity has resulted in a "compromise" which is essentially favorable to the Nazis. Soldiering is now being presented to the armed forces as a religion in itself. This is the penultimate step to the army's acceptance of the deification of Nazi visionaries and leaders.

Promotion within the ranks is carefully supervised by the Party, and Adolf Hitler often bestows such

promotion in person. And finally, complete and watertight control over the German armed forces is exercised by Heinrich Himmler and his SS elite.

The Nazi regime has been in existence for more than eight and one-half years. The average age of members of the German armed forces is low. The greater, if not the preponderant, part of the German army is now composed of fanatical Nazis. The same is true of its officers, other than those in the highest ranks. Non-conformist officers have been diluted, if not eliminated, by the purge of 1938 and by demotion. They have been replaced by officers promoted since 1933 from the ranks of fanatical or faithful Nazis. Even the top of the German army hierarchy is made up at best of the Nazi Party's yes-men or of figureheads. Adolf Hitler is the Supreme War Lord of the Reich, and heads the General Staff in person. The true General Staff is made up of Hitler's own minions or advisers, such as Generals Jodel and Warlimont. The generals with high-sounding and aristocratic names in charge of the occupied countries are figureheads. They are in reality decoys used by the Nazi Party to give an appearance of respectability and conservatism to its own ruthless exploitation.

These generals serve the same purpose in Nazi military conquest as the retention of Dr. Schacht achieved in the discreet Nazi conquest of the business world in and outside Germany. The financial and economic jugglery and wizardry of the Third Reich attributed to Dr. Schacht are really the invention and work of Nazi Party notables, such as Walter Darré, Walter Funk, Helmuth Wohlthat, Joseph Wagner and their henchmen. The Nazi propaganda machine perpetrated the legend that these "wonders" were the work of Dr. Schacht, the conservative banker and "protector" of the business men. Dr. Schacht consciously acted as a decoy, partly for reasons of vanity and partly because he was at one with the Nazis in his desire for German domination over the world. The trick worked; the German business man was completely taken in and his foreign confreres woke up to the full implications of the Nazi economic system almost at the twelfth hour.

The same device is now being employed to achieve and consolidate Nazi military and political conquest. German generals and military men of the "honorable" and "correct" school and tradition are placed in the highest positions in dominated countries in order to cover up and render easy ruthless control and exploitation by the Nazi Party. General von Stülpnagel, the legal supreme head of the German administration in France, is no more than a respectable screen for the active ruler of Occupied and Unoccupied France, Otto Abetz, friend of the Führer and his true ambassador to France until late in 1939. General von Stülpnagel's Special Security Offices are but a military disguise for the Gestapo. The Economic Department of the Military Administration in France is a military cloak covering the economic and financial spoliation of the country

accomplished by the Nazi officials representing Darré, Funk, Wohlfahrt and Wagner. General Christiansen is the respectable head in Holland. He shields High Commissioner Dr. Seyss-Inquart, the former Führer of the Austrian Nazis. In Denmark the Nazi agents and officials installed in the German Legation at Copenhagen work under the shield of General von Falkenhausen. Just as Dr. Schacht was dismissed from his high posts in January, 1938, so these respectable German army figureheads will be dropped as soon as they have served their purpose.

The contention that the German army is different and distinct from the Nazi Party and Nazism is sheer myth. The fact that it continues to be propagated as the truth outside Germany attests to the success of the Nazi propaganda machine. The encouragement of this idea started as far back as 1936, before and after the occupation of the Rhineland. The world was successfully given to believe that the German army opposed the occupation of the Rhineland. Eye-witness stories came out of the Reich telling how this and that German officer had said as much in confidence and out of earshot of Nazis. The same device was used and with equal success during the occupation of both Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. It was resorted to again, without any significant variation, during the campaign in Russia. Who has not heard of the reported conflict between the Nazi Party and the German army over this campaign? The rumored disgrace of Marshal Goering and Gen-

eral Udet falls in the same category. The rumor was started precisely when the German invasion of Russia had seriously bogged down. Goering and Udet were picked on for various reasons. The Nazi propaganda machine has painted both as conservative gentlemen and as friends of England. They were the logical instruments for obtaining from England the negotiated peace which the Nazi Party needs in order to consolidate its military victories on the Continent.

The myth continues to be propagated by way of insurance. The Nazi leaders, who are also fervent Germans, hope that in case of a collapse of their military ventures the victorious Allies will repeat the mistake of 1918. Short of out-and-out victory, nothing would please them more than to have the so-called "German" (*i. e.*, non-Nazi) army entrusted with the job of organizing and ruling a post-war Germany.

Entrusting post-war Germany to the "German" army would inevitably lead to the resurgence of a more virulent Reich and to the recurrence of another world catastrophe in less than a quarter of a century. These eventualities can be prevented only by one course. That is not the punishment, partitioning or military occupation of Germany. It is the painstaking and internationally supervised *education* of Germany until such time as the Germans have learned to elect and follow leaders who are not imbued with the lust for becoming the masters of Europe and of the world.

THOMAS REVEILLE

The New Pension Grab

WHILE the nation, in high patriotic mood, is preoccupied with a defense program that strains its every resource and calls for self-sacrifice on the part of every American, the most skillful pressure group in Washington is quietly prying open the Treasury's floodgates for its own selfish benefit. Ironically, this disservice to the nation is in the name of those who should be most jealous of its strength and solicitous of its welfare—the men who once wore its uniform. War veterans' organizations are reaching for more pension handouts and they seem about to get away with it. They have already slipped through the House two bills which would divert billions of dollars to their pockets. The bills are now before the Senate.

I am not opposed to seeing the government aid in taking care of the indigent aged and others who have a genuine special claim for consideration. I feel, however, that such aid should be on a basis of proved necessity. The demands that the war veterans are making seem, on the contrary, to be on a basis of proved political power.

The ruthless lobbyists for the Veterans of Foreign

Wars and the American Legion know history. We pensioned our 1812 veterans when we were hot and bothered about the Franco-Prussian War of 1870; we pensioned Spanish war widows in 1918. The time to grab is when war fever is abroad in the land.

Only public opinion can halt the relentless march of the lobbyists who misrepresent the veterans in Washington. See the steps by which they have progressed: First there was to be no pension aftermath of World War I; insurance policies on every man in uniform were to end all that. Then the bonus was demanded and paid—again in lieu of pensions. Then the totally disabled were pensioned. Progressively, the requirement was lowered from total disability to 30 percent, then 20 percent, then 10 percent.

In July, the last pretense of disability requirement was cast aside. The House passed HR 4845, ostensibly to increase compensation for the totally disabled. Everybody is for that. But hidden away in the bill amid a tangle of amendments is a \$40-a-month pension for every veteran at the age of sixty-five, whether or not he ever suffered a day's discomfort during or after his war service. The only limitation is that he must be able to

show low income. Generations of pension grabbers have known how to get around such feeble barriers.

In June, the House passed HR 4, a measure so generous that under its provisions a girl born perhaps after the war was over who, as late as May 12, 1938, married a man who served as little as ninety days and never got out of training camp will be entitled to a pension when her husband dies. Any child born to them, too, may be entitled to a pension. A hundred years after the end of World War I, thousands of men and women whom the war never touched may still be getting the handout.

This is the Townsend Plan in uniform!

HR 4 and HR 4845 are only two out of 120 bills introduced in this session of Congress by the pension boys. They range from measures giving dental care to certain veterans and giving preference to veterans and their widows in jobs where federal funds are spent, to taking care of dependent parents "upon termination of remarriage"—whatever that may mean.

How can such bills get through Congress? The answer is illuminating. Take HR 4845. When Fourth of July week-end came along, most congressmen left Washington. There was an understanding that no important legislation would be brought up. That's when the pension lobby sneaked in HR 4845—a bill estimated to cost an eventual five billion dollars. In a surprise move, it went through without roll call or any recorded vote.

Not a soul objects to this nation's taking every proper care of needy or wounded veterans or dependents of veterans. But there are many, and many of them veterans, who object to a citizen's performing the fundamental duty of defending his country, without harm to himself, and then demanding a handout for himself and his family for the rest of their lives.

It would be a shameful thing if America had been ungrateful to her veterans of World War I. Has she? The United States paid them the highest military wages in the world. Since then the government has given them \$8,000,000,000 in bonus and other payments. It has given them free hospitalization, even for ailments in no way connected with their war service; free medical service; free transportation to and from hospitals; preferential rating in civil service; pensions to widows and parents. The total spent on them since the Armistice has been \$13,000,000,000.

Nor is that all. The individual states have handed the veterans forty-one different kinds of help and favors, from pension and bonus payments, homesteads and tax exemptions, to free fishing licenses.

We cannot forever keep up being so open-handed to the thousands of veterans and their families who have no real claim on the nation for help. Careless sentimentality, in small part, and the cowardice of congressmen, particularly during election years, have been responsible in the past. But new facts have to be faced.

Whatever slight justification there may have been for taking care of part of the needy in this way has been swept away by the Social Security Act and the various state provisions for widows' pensions and the like, which cover the whole population. Another sobering fact is that our selective-service program is now in the process of creating another 4,000,000 veterans.

Finally, wars are no longer fought by armies alone; they are fought by the whole population. Civilian casualties in England, for example, have far outrun military casualties. Where is the justification for pensioning a soldier who never suffered a scratch unless first the nation pensions every civilian wounded or bereaved by a bomb? Plainly, our pension policy must be revised; the sloppy scandals that were the aftermath of the Civil War for more than fifty years could be borne by a rich and growing nation in a world at peace. Pension raids for multiplied millions of veterans cannot be borne by a nation in the kind of world we face today.

Yes, this article is biased. The writer is a veteran of World War I. He thought it a high honor to serve his country then. He is enraged when veterans' organizations now insist that it wasn't an honor; it was a job. He doesn't want any graft, not even legal graft; he suspects the motives of the professional lobbyists of the veterans who make a good living out of this kind of thing.

The lobbyists do not represent a majority of the veterans. The American Legion membership embraces less than 25 percent of them; the Veterans of Foreign Wars has even fewer members. Their lobbyists are the spearhead of pension drives. Opposed to them is the American Veterans' Association, 271 Madison Avenue, New York City. It is a small organization, but vigorous and outspoken. The AVA is in favor of right care of veterans; it is, indeed, supporting a moderate pension increase for widows and orphans of the actual war dead. But it is unalterably opposed to further pensions for veterans who came through the war unscathed.

Says Robert B. Luchars, its commander, "Those who came to no harm performing their duty as citizens have no justification for seeking places on the pension rolls for the rest of their lives."

By contrast, James E. Van Zandt, former national commander, Veterans of Foreign Wars, has said: "The payment of pensions . . . regardless of cost . . . is the greatest insurance this country can have to safeguard life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

As for the American Legion, all it wants, it says, is for World War veterans to be put on the same basis as veterans of prior wars. Well, the Spanish War lasted 100 days; it is possible for a veteran of it who lives to be eighty to have received \$10,800—or \$108 a day for, perhaps, three months in camp at Chickamauga. Figure that cost for the 4,000,000 veterans of the World War. That's what the Legion lobby is after, that is the price of patriotism as the pension gang sees it.

The American, and particularly the veteran, who sees military service as a simple duty, and indeed a privilege, not a means of graft, should speak out—now. The citizen who feels that this emergency forces us to put a stop to the abuses of the past should say so. Write

to your Senator in Washington, urging the defeat of HR 4 and HR 4845 and other pension handouts. Let it be known in unmistakable terms that the era of sentimental and cowardly largesse is over.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

The Scotch Plaid Decade

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE nowadays are writing and thinking about Russia from various points of view. Among them is Eugene Lyons, who has just published a fat, angry book of 423 pages on the influence of Russia in the United States during what he calls "The Red Decade," presumably the past ten years.¹ I was under the impression that Mr. Lyons had written this book two or three times already, but I am obviously wrong.

This is a crusading document. It is hardly any news that Mr. Lyons hates and despises the present rulers of Russia and their satellites all over the world. In vigorous philippic style, he bangs away at the Stalinists in the United States, the fellow travelers and those whom he regards as "the innocents," the liberals who coöperated with the Stalinists for a few years before August, 1939. He has been indefatigable in collecting documents; his filing system must be second only to that of Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling. Every time a fellow-traveling petition or declaration was circulated, he prints the names of all the signers, in large type. Since these lists of signatures are usually almost identical, they make for rather dull reading.

In a philippic nobody ever bothers to give both sides of the case or to express doubts and qualifications which contribute toward truth but detract from liveliness. He makes much too plain and simple a highly complicated situation—so complicated that it would have been a more accurate title than his to speak of the ten years he discusses as "The Scotch Plaid Decade." Mr. Lyons has left out practically everything that might invalidate or weaken his thesis at any point, and, by doing so, he has been less than fair to a good many people and institutions. He is certainly unfair, it seems to me, to all the non-Communists at whom he points the finger of scorn.

The history of American public opinion toward Soviet Russia over the past twenty-three years will some day be written, not by a journalistic Savonarola like Mr. Lyons but by a social psychologist more interested in understanding than in wholesale indictment. Perhaps I may set down a few notes here which, if they should be preserved, might be useful to such a person.

No one with any human understanding should be surprised that so many people took such passionate

interest in the new Russian state when it came into being in the autumn of 1917, that they should have clung to their hopes so loyally—and in many cases blindly—or that they should have been so slow in admitting that in this instance the bad means had at last mostly swallowed up the good end. For many centuries humble people all over the world have dreamed of a better life than was possible to them under existing circumstances. Many millions who did not call themselves socialists and had perhaps never read a book of Marxian or Utopian theory believed vaguely that if the "capitalists" could only be brought to heel, everything would somehow be made better. In the eyes of such people (Mr. Lyons was more or less one of them) Soviet Russia represented the most dramatic and exciting experiment in all history in an altered social control of the means of production. In its first few years it did not do very well, but there were good, or at least plausible, excuses for this: Russia was invaded by successive White armies supported by France, Great Britain and the United States. Socialist progress demanded an industrialized nation while the USSR was almost entirely agrarian. Boycotts of Russian exports in some countries made it difficult for her to buy the imports of heavy machines that she required. The death of Lenin threw her political organization into confusion. Even after some important countries had resumed trade relations, depression cut down the amount of Russian goods they could use. Failure of rainfall caused shortages of crops in certain areas, quite apart from the deliberate starving of class enemies.

There was another important reason why loyalty to the Russian idea outlived any factual basis it may have had. That is that from the beginning, the experiment was attacked throughout the world by the very people whom the forward-looking optimists felt they had most reason to distrust and oppose. That the enemy of my enemy becomes my friend is hardly less than a law of nature. Conservative bankers, tory publishers, Ku Kluxers in and out of their nightgowns lied about Russia more shamelessly, more completely than her supporters ever did or could do. We have forgotten now those fantastic tales of the early twenties, when revolt after revolt swept across Red Square in Moscow—in the pages, that is, of papers like *The Chicago Tribune*—when Lenin killed Trotsky and Trotsky killed Lenin every second Thursday, when promiscuity

¹ *The Red Decade*, by Eugene Lyons. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 423 pages. \$3.

was enforced upon all women by law. Every sensible American was trained to feel that hostile stories about Russia were undoubtedly false and deliberately so. It would have been a miracle if this attitude of mind had not tended to outlive the circumstances that brought it into being. This whole situation was augmented when Trotsky repudiated the revolution, fled the country and began to hurl what seemed like sour-grapes accusations at Stalin.

A fourth element in the American picture was the fact that the people of this country simply cannot get used to rigid national censorship and adjust their minds accordingly. Even though they were warned over and over again that Soviet Russia had an iron-bound censorship, that the censor almost never passed the whole truth and sometimes no part of it, they could not make this fundamental supposition a basic part of their thinking. (The same has been true of our attitude toward Hitler's Germany, and is still true today.)

In writing what I have, I have made American liberals sound much more naïve and friendlier to Russia than was in fact the case for most of them, and Mr. Lyons is still more unjust than I have been. Let me take the obvious and familiar example, the attitude of *The New Republic*. The American Communist press attacked this paper incessantly through the years, down to 1935, when the party suddenly got orders from Moscow to conciliate the liberals. Because of that, and not because of any change in *The New Republic's* editorial position, they forbore to attack us in public—even though the apoplectic struggle to keep from speaking out was only too plain—until Stalin's pact with Hitler in August, 1939. Thereupon the Communist press happily went back to slinging mud at us, and kept it up until June 22 of this year, when an attempt at conciliation again seemed in order as the Nazis marched across the Russian frontier. No word of this record appears in Mr. Lyons' heavily tendential book.

If I may indulge in a personal reference: he evidently combed my signed articles for references to Russia, and he quotes grimly against me a single sentence, one written in 1931 in which I pointed out that American tourists going to Russia helped that country to obtain foreign exchange with which to buy machinery abroad. I don't know why this statement should be so damning, but I feel Mr. Lyons might at least have balanced his indictment by mentioning my open letter to Stalin, written eighteen months before the pact with Hitler, inviting him to abdicate and restore civil liberties, or my prediction of that agreement about a year ahead of the event.

The complete absurdity in his argument comes when he attacks the liberals for cooperating with the Communists in support of domestic causes, such as abolition of the poll tax and other discriminatory laws, justice for the Negro, help for the sharecropper, the right of collective bargaining, honesty in elections, minimum

wages, old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. The liberals were working for these things, and winning a reasonable percentage of them, long before the Communists, under orders from the Third International, tried to get aboard the bandwagon; and they have gone on fighting during the years when the eccentricities of the party line have caused the CP members to hop on and off like boys stealing rides on a bobsled. Would Mr. Lyons have had us abandon all our principles merely because the Communists temporarily said "Me, too"? To ask the question is to expose the absurdity of the accusation.

Moreover, the degree of collaboration was rarely so complete as Mr. Lyons, in his prosecuting attorney's enthusiasm, would have you suppose. The liberals were well aware that, in many cases, the Communists did more harm than good to the cause they were supposedly trying to help, by arousing anti-Red hysteria, by helping the Tories to claim that everybody who wanted minimum wages or collective bargaining was a minion of Moscow. There were some instances where the liberals rudely told the Communists to go away.

Mr. Lyons is extremely harsh with that small fanatic band which has stuck to Stalin through everything and still sticks today. He is not more severe, however, than many other people have been—some of them in the pages of *The New Republic*—and perhaps not more so than the facts deserve. The question why so many middle-class Americans in comfortable circumstances should cling against all reason to a father-image in the Kremlin belongs to the realm of psychopathology, not to politics. The harm that a book like this of Mr. Lyons does is that, as you read page after page of excoriation, you begin to wonder whether there isn't another side, begin to have a sneaking sympathy after all with these unhappy wretches who are thus getting their 120 lashes in public. Mr. Lyons should remember that it is never the part of wisdom to run your sword into the adversary all the way up to the hilt, if only because you may need it again in a hurry. Indeed, his heavy-handed ruthlessness reminds one of nothing so much as the Communist brethren he seeks to destroy. His fanaticism is like theirs, only turned inside out; it is interesting to recall that, as he tells us in his earlier book, "Assignment in Utopia," he first went to Russia as a devoted radical. Without dissenting from a single denunciatory adjective about Stalin and the GPU, I must record that I find the early Lyons, wrong as he was, a somewhat more attractive figure than the later one. For after all, the early Lyons, however foolishly, did want to make the world better; and the current incarnation, though he would I am sure deny it fiercely, seems to me devoted to the backward look, the vote of dissent. A certain number of people of this frame of mind are desirable, I suppose, as a balance wheel; but the real work of the world has to be done by those with imagination and dissatisfaction.

Today the old problem of the United Front is with us again in revised form. Once more the American Communists are pursuing their bourgeois countrymen, like the dog that retrieved a lighted stick of dynamite and trotted back to his master. Now that Russia is again perforce on the side of the democracies, the Communists here are making every effort to restore the United Front. Those who believe that this country is in great danger and are in favor, as are The New Republic and this writer, of fighting Hitler all over the world and as soon and strongly as possible, must make up their minds whether they will accept Communist aid on the excessively publicized terms on which it is offered. (Everything the party does is either heavily secret or is greatly overadvertised.)

This subject is too important to dispose of in a few

sentences, but laying aside the question whether the American Communists are now too morally bankrupt to have any further public usefulness, I should like to offer two questions that need to be brought forward.

1. If Moscow should be forced to make a separate peace within the next year or two, would the American Communists turn pro-fascist again, and sabotage our war effort as they did from August 23, 1939, to June 22, 1941? 2. As everyone knows, there is tremendous political opposition, in many quarters in the United States, to sending war materials to Russia. Is it wise to add to that already serious handicap the further one that is incurred if we tacitly consent to let the Communists once more find their place in the limelight?

BRUCE BLIVEN

Slaughter, Sponsored by—

I WONDER if the business executives and their announcers who contrive so cleverly to tie their radio sales messages to news of mass killings these days quite realize what they are doing? Suppose the situation were reversed. Suppose, for example, that some enterprising French producer of cognac in 1863 decided to use our Civil War to get attention for his sales talk. Suppose he obtained advance news of the battle of Gettysburg and printed a leaflet running something like this:

"Great clash of arms in the United States between the North and the South. World's bloodiest battle. Hurry to buy a bottle of Le Sol cognac. General Wadsworth of New York killed by minie ball in abdomen. Magnificent but futile charge by the brigade of General Pickett. More than fifty thousand Americans dead and dying. Never has a battle been so hotly fought. Take a drink of Le Sol cognac. That warms *you* but it makes you feel good. Ha! Ha!"

Our radio advertising is just as offensive as that, far more offensive, of course, in that it streams into our homes with all the added urgency and immediacy of the human voice. Aside from the insult to the people of other nations whose agony it is capitalizing, can it be good business? Will not Americans in time revolt against it and direct their resentment toward the business firms which are advertising this way?

Because of unusual circumstances I did not listen to a radio program for more than a year. When I did listen again I was staying with a relative in Twin Falls, Idaho. Like so many small places, Twin Falls has recently provided itself with a radio station. The station gets the coast-to-coast broadcasts from New York, but its cash revenue comes largely from advertising of local merchants. My Twin Falls host tuned in each afternoon to hear H. V. Kaltenborn's war analysis. I was

shocked to learn how shamelessly the local enterprisers were working their publicity into the news of the ghastly tragedies going on all over the world. At the beginning of Mr. Kaltenborn's talk, the Coca Cola bottling works gave a lengthy message on the subject of better health and enjoyment. At the end of the talk the local Ford dealer harangued farmers on the importance of buying a Ford tractor.

I set it down to the overeagerness of business men in a sparsely settled section where there are scarcely enough customers to go around, and extra efforts are necessary to attain a profitable sales volume. But when I returned to New York and to my own radio set, I found big business using the same horrors in a way that made the Twin Falls merchants seem models of good taste.

I tuned in first on a Sabbath morning to hear the war news as presented by the National Broadcasting Company. But I didn't get the war news at once. The announcer took time to state that Esso Special gasoline is the best gasoline ever dispensed from Esso dealers' tanks. When the news finally came it was pretty dreadful. The RAF had bombed southwestern Germany all night. There was fierce and bloody fighting on the eighteen-hundred-mile eastern front. Germany claimed nearly a million prisoners. The dead were many times those captured. Then the announcer demanded to know if I had tried Esso Extra. He told me for smooth driving to use Esso Extra. "Happy motoring!" he called out genially as he signed off.

Regular radio listeners know that the Standard Oil Company isn't the only big-business corporation that ties its sales messages to stories of wholesale slaughter of human beings. Standard's competitor, Amoco Gas, does it; so do Campbell's soup, Harvester cigars, Palm Olive soap, Barbasol shaving cream, Kreml dan-

druff cure, Chiclet chewing gum and many others.

It is the more shocking because of the casualness with which selling talks are interjected into the ghastliest incidents. Some announcers find the situation humorous. I once heard the Campbell's-soup announcer describe the destruction of several Russian army divisions and immediately afterward exclaim, "Lady, do you like real chicken noodle soup? Ha! Ha!" In the Chiclet chewing-gum program the announcer described the skies over Berlin when the night air raid was on, then said of Chiclet, "Boy, is it good!" And Edwin Hill, speaking for Amoco gas, remarked, "Cheer up, ladies, the Big Bad War isn't going to deprive you. . ."

I can think of nothing in history that even approaches such a barbarous viewpoint unless it be that of the fish women who sat before the guillotine during the French Revolution and knitted while heads were chopped off. But the fish women didn't do it to increase their sales.

One wonders how any business executive could have the effrontery to base his sales campaign on world killings and suffering. Or, granted he has the effrontery, how can he believe the American public will be favorably inclined toward the product he advertises in such manner?

I know that the war presents an extraordinary publicity opportunity. Millions of anxious people who would not otherwise be listeners are turning to their radios for war news. The advertiser is being offered a far greater audience for his money than he would get in other days. I know that radio time on the big networks can be bought only by large and rich corporations and that in such corporations the advertising department is often left to its own devices. The directing heads are interested only in results. I doubt if so humane and deeply religious a man as John D. Rockefeller would countenance Standard Oil's brutal mixing of its sales message with frightful war news to sell more gasoline, if he had supervision over the advertising department. I doubt if any of the big-business men who are using such offensive sales methods are going to profit from them. I am certain that callousness toward suffering is not in the American tradition. Remember that Admiral Schley, who destroyed Cervera's fleet off Santiago, was made famous and applauded less for his victory than for his order to his men, when a Spanish ship sank and Spanish sailors were struggling in the water: "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying."

Last year, when Hitler's war machine began its thrust through Holland and Belgium and the word blitzkrieg became familiar, many enterprising retail merchants seized on it to exploit their bargain offerings. You saw in newspapers phrases like, "Blitzkrieg on every article in our great stock," or "Now for a blitzkrieg on values."

The magazine *Printers' Ink*, which is a leading organ of the advertising profession, can scarcely be accused of

hostility toward any proper form of gainful publicity; but *Printers' Ink* published a strong editorial, warning advertisers that the use of a word so connected with horrors might cause unlooked-for resentment in customers.

Some years ago when I was owner of a retail jewelry business, the Western Union Telegraph promoted a plan to increase the sales of jewelers and other merchants who specialized on gift merchandise. The plan was that, two or three days before Christmas, the merchant should send form messages to a list of customers stating that he still had a splendid assortment of gift merchandise and would be pleased to have the customer call and inspect it. I knew many merchants who subscribed to the project, but I do not know one who did it the second time. What had not been realized in advance was that many people associate telegrams with bad news of sickness or death in the family, so that getting one is a disagreeable emotional shock. That is not the frame of mind in which you should put someone to whom you are trying to sell goods.

When a manufacturer advertises in a newspaper or magazine the best he can hope for is to have his sales message appear next to pure reading matter. In radio advertising it is getting to be right in the middle of it. If you should pick up your favorite publication and after every third or fourth line of a story or article find the sales message of some manufacturer entreating you in extra large type to buy his gasoline, or soap, or laxative, or hair tonic, you would be irritated. Such radio advertising worked into serious and even terrible war news is unbearable.

On some radio war broadcasts the featured speaker makes those interpolations himself. Gabriel Heatter uses this method in his work for Barbasol, the modern shaving cream. To my notion Mr. Heatter has the finest voice in radio, deep and resonant, with just the correct undertone of emotion. On the day that I write this, I heard Mr. Heatter say, "Ah, man, get yourself a tube." Then he stated the frightful number of Russians lying dead on the battlefield; added that Russian children of twelve or fourteen carry on sabotage; and said that one child had picked off eighteen Germans. "Send a soldier a tube of Barbasol," Mr. Heatter concluded.

If you dislike this sort of thing, as I do, is there anything you can do about it? Collectively, a lot of us can do a great deal about it. Advertisers exist to please the public; nothing terrifies them so much as the knowledge the public is not pleased. They respond to the pressure of those who take the trouble to complain. I suggest you begin your complaining by writing to *The New Republic* and associating yourself with this protest. Many of my friends have told me, with a good deal of feeling, that they will buy no products advertised in this manner. I shall not.

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

Washington Notes

The Communists Reform Their Lines

DUST KICKED UP by the termination of the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression agreement has cleared from the back yard of the CIO, revealing a lot of slightly soiled turned coats waving on the party line. All that stuff about Britain being a heartless imperialism and no better than the rival Nazi imperialism came out in the wash. American Communists are all for England, all for Russia and against anyone who stands in the way of these allied democracies, including John L. Lewis, the party's former hero.

Deserted by his Communist allies, with a rank-and-file dues strike on his hands and with commitments to the Hoover and America First isolationist position indelibly written into his record, Lewis has suddenly shrunk like a cheap suit in a rain storm. In the next CIO convention he will represent one rebellious constituent union and nothing more. Sidney Hillman, who was all but ridden out of the last convention by Lewis' clique, will be a power in the next. Philip Murray will be the unanimous choice for the presidency and this time he, not Lewis, will own the job as well as the title.

Leaders of the Communist-controlled unions tried hard to make some kind of compromise arrangement that would avert an open break with Lewis. They argued that it would be possible to cooperate with him on union policy while disagreeing with him on foreign policy. The heavy thinkers of the Communist Party decided otherwise. An enemy of Russia is an enemy of the party, and on this there can be no compromise. So The Daily Worker's recent attacks on Lewis have been progressively more violent. Such dependable men as Michael Quill fell into line.

Where that leaves the faithful fellow travelers who are also loyal Lewisites is uncertain. Apparently they will continue to travel. Len De Caux, editor of The CIO News, who never misses a chance to swear undying devotion to Lewis, seems to have seen the new light. His publication now speaks in friendly terms even of Hillman, who only a few weeks ago was one of its untouchables. Lee Pressman, counsel to the CIO, is credited with writing the convention call, which was a powerful endorsement of Roosevelt's foreign policy.

Murray's vacillations during the uncertain days of the changing party line have left him in an ideal position to front for unity. Indeed, it is difficult to see how anyone else could hold the CIO together. The party people, again taking on the protective coloration of the popular front, will become more powerful in the CIO and will increase their influence everywhere. They will not now be a problem in defense industries; they will cooperate fully in the production of any arms that might help Russia.

So the Red menace is almost as unreal at the moment as the Reds say it is. But what if Russia is forced to make a separate peace? The British and the Roosevelt administration will, of course, be blamed for the Soviet defeat, when and if it comes. The Communists then can be counted upon to resume sabotage of defense industry where

they left off last summer. They also can be expected to reattach themselves to Lewis, the most powerful and useful collaborator they ever had in the United States.

Right now the Communists are calling Lewis an international fascist. They should know. For months they cooperated at least passively in the promotion of his international fascist designs, even to the sale of expropriated Mexican oil to the Nazis, even to his association with the Hoovers, Lindberghs and Fords of the highly organized isolationist movement.

Representative Hamilton Fish, Harvard's great all-American center, who never could quite keep the signals straight, has stumbled into a play that may give away the whole isolationist show. A federal grand jury investigating violations of the law requiring registration of foreign agents discovered last week that Fish and no less than twenty of his colleagues had been lending their frank to the Islands for War Debts committee, one of the least reputable of the organizations on the fringe of the isolationists' propaganda set-up, in clear violation of the franking law.

Still worse, the jury found that Fish's secretary had ordered a Senate mail truck to pick up mail bags containing thousands of franked envelopes from the committee's headquarters after Prescott Dennett, its guiding spirit, had been served with a subpoena to appear with pertinent papers for questioning. The truck picked up twenty bags, some of which were delivered to the Senate Office Building, some to America First headquarters and some to a place unknown.

The circumstances left no room for doubt that Dennett had made shift to clear his office of evidence in advance of a search by federal agents and that Fish, wittingly or not, had been made a party to the act. The affair also revealed Fish as the congressional agent of a franking ring that encompassed America First as well as Islands for War Debts.

Misuse of the franking privilege by the isolationists has become a public scandal. It was aired in the Senate at the time Senator Burton K. Wheeler sent out appeals for opposition to the administration's foreign policy, some of which went to draftees.

Exposure of Fish's cooperation with Dennett, however much the New York Republican professed ignorance of what his office was doing, cut deeper and released a worse smell. Dennett is well known in Washington as a ham-and-egger who is not too scrupulous about his propaganda methods. And just before Fish's name was brought into the grand-jury investigation, Assistant Attorney General William P. Maloney had announced in District of Columbia Supreme Court, while threatening him with contempt proceedings, that Dennett had accepted contributions from "known German agents" to carry on the same work with which Fish had been helping him.

Charles Fahy, former General Counsel to the National Labor Relations Board, now Assistant Solicitor General, will almost certainly succeed Francis Biddle as Solicitor General. Thurman Arnold, chief of the Justice Department's anti-trust division, has absolved Thomas G. Corcoran of any wrongdoing in the Sterling Products case, but too late to prevent a ruckus in the Senate if Corcoran were nominated for the place.

Washington

T. R. B.

Movie-Goer Blues

THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES" was a good idea for a picture story, but since it was to be about music it had to be treated as a musical, and apparently when you start a musical production you throw story values out the window in the first place. The proposition here is that something like the first popularity of the Dixieland Band and the new jazz be made into a fiction using various characters and speaking of certain aspects of musical development. With the natural dramatic license in the way of remoteness from the difficult and scattered facts, the simplification and avoidance of essential but monotonous detail, the pointing up of effects beyond their relative importance, this could still make a sound tale, as such things go. But there is too strong a pattern in the inherited tradition of the vaudeville and burlesque turn, the revue, stage musicals and previous movie extravaganzas. You get the face of even a mild and amiable truth; you see that the schedule calls for numbers and specialties and a band; and you grab for the burnt cork to draw a mustache on it, blacken a couple of front teeth or an eye, and put a pipe in its mouth.

The picture has the musical and supervisory talents of Victor Schertzinger; it has Brian Donlevy and Mary Martin (but alas); and two absolutely top men, each in his field of music: Bing Crosby and Jack Teagarden. And the story keeps more or less in motion: the early struggles of the band, the first success in a cabaret and the complications which follow because the spot is run by ominous characters, and—along another line—because among the two men and the girl everybody thinks everybody loves somebody else right up to the end. There is some good atmosphere stuff, several choruses and reprises of tunes like "Memphis Blues," "Melancholy Baby" (anachronism, but done very nicely) and "St. Louis Blues" (done with choirs and pathos as thick as molasses, awful).

For a while there is a little fun with the gangsters, who are soon allowed to get out of key—though never so much out as the idea that Dixieland playing made its first one-shot success through the voice and figure of Miss Martin, who wiggles both. Rochester has some good things to do, some bad. There is a girl child whom everybody has to adore for some reason which is closer to the fact that Paramount is stuck with her contract than to anything else. And a fight or two. Teagarden gets a few lines, looks a little nervous, and is allowed to do a few introductions and backgrounds (but keep it way down: actors working).

Probably the trouble with all such attempts is that musicians have spent their lives learning one thing, actors another; and with the exception of Bing Crosby, a natural, they never mix jobs well enough to take off the curse of falsity and strain. But in anything like "The Birth of the Blues" this is just surmise: here the writers and director were following a pattern, not only in outline but in treatment, that is false as hell to start with. Their good effects come in patches, and the total effect is first pleasant, then depressing. Its patches are quite a bit above the average and so I'd go to see it anyway; but you have to be that way.

One of the phenomena of movie success in the last few years has been the institution known as the Hardy Family. MGM has gotten around ten pictures out of it in three and

a half years, and it is a gold mine. But unlike the Bobbsey Twins cycle for kiddies, it can't go on forever, and it can never quite stand still either. The adults in the cast remain the same, more or less, but the interest is in the kids, who in actual life grow up. As the movie people have always found to their sorrow, you get a million-dollar property with golden curls and first thing you know the little stinker is giving with a bass voice. And even when you can keep them looking cute and young, there are always the Hollywood gossip reports of haring around in night clubs and fast cars, and what can you do about innocence in a pinafore when Deanna Durbin decides she is going to get herself married?

So the Hardy Family—the only such group I can remember—has had to keep scratching, and as a result there was some rather nice stuff in the earlier pictures, on the subject of growing pains, etc. And this fall Mickey Rooney must enter college. (Already this summer Lewis Stone had to warn Rooney that certain women did certain things, which brought distress to some of the goodie groups.) But the only reason for bringing the subject up now is a report in *Variety* that I fancy very much: MGM has completed the important early groundwork for a new one: "Andy Hardy Meets Dr. Kildare."

Dr. Kildare is one of what you might call the static series, of which scores flourish a while and then peter out for lack of sustaining interest. It is so easy, with the same adult characters, to go on making carbons of the first success, that they go on making carbons. Only Westerns and detective stories can get away with it indefinitely, it seems: the Lone Ranger, the Saint, Mr. Moto, Charlie Chan (even the death of their lead character didn't prevent them from making twenty Chans or so). And "Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day" showed a weakening that alarmed the company. The doctor's bride, apparently, had to be pulled from the series for bigger things, and so in the "wedding" picture they ran a truck over her before she made the altar. Now we can expect little development until the doctor's next landmark in picture titles, the less dramatic state of contemplation and completed wisdom which will be called "Dr. Kildare's Mental Pause." Anyway, they are going to see if one can shore up the other.

The more I think of the idea, the more I like it. Mickey Rooney's latest, "Life Begins for Andy Hardy," showed him as completely out of hand. I liked him as a frank and noisy kid, but he is growing up in the story without dropping any noisy-kid mannerisms. By this time it is plain mugging and it is not cute, and the story itself has got away from the moderately natural in family troubles (middle-class, small-town) which gave charm to its simplicity in the beginning. Now it is merely simple and almost offensive. MGM owns both Kildare and Hardy; it could naturally not be coaxed into mergers off its own lot. But I can by now think of some nice ones. Andy Hardy Meets the Dracula Group, or Andy Hardy Meets the Masked Avenger.

In reviewing "Tom, Dick and Harry," I used the term "Garson's guard" in a loose and foolish way to designate the people who did some of the worrying on the stages and over the rushes. If this confused anybody about Paul Jarrico's true worth as the author of the screenplay except Jarrico (the rat), I'm mortified. It was a sweet little job.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

German officials give a certain support to the foreign reports of the effects of bombing in Germany.

The Propaganda Ministry functionary told the correspondents: "All this bombing of civilians could have been avoided by really humane warfare." — *From The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Tyranny over the minority by the majority is abhorrent and will not be tolerated. The majority cannot, save by due legal process, make that which is illegal, legal. — *Mr. Justice Collins, in his opinion in the action of Heller v. Boylan, reported in 29 N. Y. Supplement, 2nd Series, 653, p. 667.*

We [the Dutch] have made the Germans feel ignored, hated, despised—and it is said their soldiers actually feel this so keenly that they cry into their pillows at night. — *Dr. Alexander Loudon, Netherlands Minister to the United States, in an address before the Lotus Club of Grand Rapids, as reported in The Grand Rapids Press.*

Grafting on the Family Tree

If you've always longed for a family ancestral portrait now's

the time to buy one—at a third of its appraised value. (And who's to say it isn't your grandmother's beautiful Aunt Elizabeth?) — *Advertisement from Gimbels, in The New York Times.*

Slipknots in the Old School Tie

Speaking of changes in England caused by the war, he [Paul S. Patterson, publisher of the Baltimore Sunpapers] said that the British have lost much of their "stiffness" and that many persons now call each other by their Christian names. — *From The New York Times.*

Total-War Department

Cat, monthly publication of the Cats Protective League, chided Prime Minister Churchill today for fondling a cat during the Atlantic meeting with President Roosevelt.

Referring to pictures of the Prime Minister patting the cat on the head, Cat said cats abhor head-patting, and added:

"He should have conformed to the etiquette demanded by the occasion, offering his hand and then awaiting a sign of approval before taking liberties." — *AP dispatch printed in The New York World-Telegram.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1. will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

German Propaganda

SIR: I am reading Bruce Bliven's articles with very great pleasure and I hope profit. But there is a statement on page 332 of the September 15 issue, which seems to me to call for further elucidation: "Thus far, Germany has far exceeded all the rest of the world in studying the mental attitude of other nations."

Excuse me if I fail to see why Germany should be credited with so great skill in this. On the other hand, it has seemed to me that their use of the radio and the press has been abysmally inept; their attempt to corrupt other nations has been, in the main, unsuccessful. Are we to believe that the Propaganda Office was intelligent in allowing men like Fritz Kuhn to dominate the Bund? Is it credible that any capable propaganda director would authorize the crude methods of the Westricks and the Weidemanns? When did the Germans, with their vaunted psychological insight, get anywhere in Britain save among the wealthy, who were predisposed anyway? When did the Germans ever show any signs of understanding the English? They were astoundingly doltish whenever they came to our shores. Consider the sort of statements that Goebbels' office gives out to the press now. Would good psychologists allow the Americans to be affronted by remarks about the President which come over the radio and the cables? Would they allow that German general to say that the Nazi plans for France were to make it "half kitchen garden and half brothel"?

Unless backed by luxurious expense accounts, their stuff gets nowhere. Whereas the anti-British brigade in America is everlastingly fuming because the British seem to be able to get away with it all the time with a minimum of expense! As an Englishman I have been astonished at the way Americans "fall for it"—and I use this in no critical manner—and also for the really masterly results of some apparently naïve and semi-conscious

stunt of my fellow countrymen. Where, for instance, could the Germans ever transcend that simple exposure, in expensive store windows, of the boxes and crates from Britain, with the stark, stenciled legend, "Britain Delivers the Goods"?

My feeling is, that with all their marvelous technological skill the Germans are essentially insulated from other nations' "Geist." They always were and they always will be. "A servant when he reigneth . . ." you know. They are a servant race, and they are strutting around because they have got hold of the family firearms. Let us hope that this is remembered when the peace terms are dictated.

Westport, Conn.

WILLIAM MCFEE

[In the same paragraph from which Mr. McFee quotes, I observed: "By temperament the Germans are stupid about understanding other people's viewpoint. . . . I don't suppose this national trait has been eliminated. . . ." I didn't say they were good; I said they were trying. — B. B.]

Business-as-Usual in Britain

SIR: It's still "business as usual" in Britain. Apparently tens of thousands of tons of British coal, plus freight, skilled labor and so forth, are at present dedicated to such non-essential pursuits as sugar refining and the production of white flour.

In either case the advantage of the laundering process is dubious, to say the least. Maybe vested interests are scared to give the British public a chance to change its habits. Brown muscovado sugar is delicious; brown bread and brown sugar might come to stay. All of this would doubtless earn the applause of authorities on nutrition; but in England—as elsewhere—there is a species of capitalist who would rather risk defeat by Hitler than risk his business.

Washington, D. C.

"LEND-LEASE"

Reuben Maury Again

SIR: I can't tell whether it's pathos or humor that pokes the longest nose out of the recent exposure of Reuben Maury as an ambidextrous writer with one hand in *The New York Daily News*, the other in *Collier's*, dabbling contradictorily with a matter as important as our government's current international policy.

If I remember right Mr. Maury threatened PM (which had drawn attention to the two-handedness) with action for libel if anything wide of fact about him should be published, but assured that paper, with an air of bravado, that it was all right to go ahead as long as truth should be respected. Mr. Maury must have written that with one hand, and his letter (*The New Republic*, September 8) about George Britt's "Ethics for Editors" (*The New Republic*, August 25) with the other. There was a lion roar in the letter to PM. It's a cat mew in the one to you. No threat in that one; he just wants to "drop this subject of R. Maury and turn to more interesting topics."

Is Mr. Maury kidding anybody, even himself, with that talk of professional and dilettante? Doubtless most of Mr. Maury's envious "dilettantes" (and I guess I'm one, with a very little o) would be happy to graduate from \$5 checks to \$500-plus ones, writing thrillers for the magazines with pretty girls on front covers. But if they could do it at all, they'd do it with a kind of neutral junk, I think; not with commentary capable of injury.

There are plenty of topics more interesting than R. Maury. But there are few more interesting than the fact that a man who has access to a tremendous public is willing to play Janus with a thing as vital as international policy in 1941.

Augusta, Ga.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

Critical Scholars

SIR: Mr. Daiches has written [*The New Republic*, August 18] that it is "quite untrue" that modern critics have been instrumental in effecting any change in taste about Donne, Herbert, Marvell, Webster, Fulke Greville, Hopkins and so forth. It was an "academic job": the scholars did it all, and the "brilliant young critics" simply "followed meekly behind." Mr. Daiches' tone of polite, sober and factual good sense is almost enough to recommend the theory; certainly there is not much else to recommend it. It is a theory that has a superficial plausibility if applied to any critical change whatsoever. If modern critics had resurrected Cowper, Surrey, Christopher Smart and Cowley, Mr. Daiches could have said—would have said—using the same arguments and with just as much truth: "Why, these young critics have simply followed the scholars. Didn't Professor So-and-So, in 1916, bring out a new edition of Cowper? Hasn't Professor A, in his edition, pleaded for a resurrection of Surrey? and Professor B for a resurrection of Christopher Smart? and Professor C for a resurrection of Cowley? It is the *scholars* who have engineered this change in taste!"

There is no poet, no period that scholars have not tried valiantly to resurrect, to overrate; scholars—who have a vested interest in their own particular specialties—notoriously exaggerate the importance of them as much as they can. To select a very small part of this indiscriminate incoherent mass of advocacy, and then to call *that* a critical change, is fantastic. Scholarship is like the man who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions: no matter which way criticism goes, Mr. Daiches can say that it is merely following scholarship.

Mr. Daiches' only attempt at proving his theory is the citation of—four *editions*. According to his astonishing logic, all that is necessary to effect a critical change, a "rehabilitation" of a poet, is a new edition of his poems. Or, worse still, of his letters: Mr. Daiches cites as one of his proofs Abbott's edition of Hopkins, without mentioning that it is an edition of his

letters, published long after his poetry had become famous. His citation of the very recent edition of Fulke Greville is just as bad: the interest in Fulke Greville came long before any modern edition of his poems existed—it was the interest which was responsible for the edition. Why did Mr. Daiches resort to examples like these?

Mr. Daiches' picture of scholarship in the English universities made my mouth water; but I could not, try as I would, manage any identification between his ideal scholars and everyday reality. Of course, I have not had the good fortune of hearing what they say, but I have had the bad fortune of reading what they write. It is hard for me to reconcile Mr. Daiches' knowledge of the men with my own knowledge of the books; but perhaps such a scholar is just the opposite of Goldsmith—talks like an angel, and writes like poor Poll.

Mr. Daiches finishes with the unkind remark that the preferences expressed in Cleanth Brooks's "Modern Poetry and the Tradition" were a "critical commonplace" in English universities from 1920-40. Some of Mr. Brooks's preferences are entirely too acute, and some are entirely too personal, to be "commonplace" anywhere at any time. If the book was a critical commonplace in England, why did it get such good reviews there? Why did Empson—an English critic quite as likely as Mr. Daiches to recognize an English critical commonplace—waste so much praise on it?

Mr. Daiches' letter is simply the old game of keeping the *status quo* as nearly as possible intact, by insisting that the radicals' advances are only what the old guard wanted all the time and finally managed to get; Mr. Daiches is exactly in the position of the conservative legislators who, forced by radical pressure to consent to social legislation, give the credit for the whole thing to the Conservative Party.

University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

RANDALL JARRELL

"Guiana" Not "Vienna"

SIR: In editing my article, "Hold the Pacific!" in *The New Republic* of September 29, I telephoned an insertion which spoke among other things of the United States navy's obligation to "clear the approaches to anchorages from Iceland to Guiana." In print, however, "Guiana" came out as "Vienna."

I hope no readers thought that in my enthusiasm for a strong policy I was proposing that we send gunboats up the Danube.

New York City

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Lucille B. Milner of the American Civil Liberties Union sends us a letter she received from Chiang Fu-tung, director of the National Central Library in Chungking, requesting back issues of the Union's weekly news bulletin. Mrs. Milner comments: "In the midst of the continuous air raids and terrific fires these remarkable people have the time and, what's more, the inclination to study what is happening to the Bill of Rights in the United States."

A Protestant Press Association release of September 4 quotes a letter written by Kenneth Leslie, editor of *The Protestant Digest*, and John Hammond, chairman of the Protestant Digest Associates, to Gene Tunney challenging his fitness to head up the new United Youth for Defense, because of his support of Franco in the Spanish civil war. Their evidence is a letter Tunney wrote in the August 14, 1939, issue of *Social Justice*. "Before you can honestly continue as a self-appointed leader of American youth," the letter to Mr. Tunney reads, "you owe to the democratic-minded people of this country a disavowal of your support of the fascist Franco, and a clear statement of disbelief in all forms of fascism, including the clerical, corporate state."

England Under Glass

AMERICAN TRAVELERS in England before this war often felt that they were strolling—no, were being wheeled in comfortable chairs—past the neat showcases of a museum. These trains that always ran on time were obviously toy trains, built and kept in order by some retired millionaire. These fields were covered with excelsior dyed green; no grass was ever so free from weeds. These earthen dykes that surrounded the fields—and kept them from being worked by machinery—were preserved as a relic of Saxon times; and the wild flowers that grew on the dykes were planted there by the same pious hands that had thatched the cottages and painted a soft mist over the horizon. Even the people sometimes looked like wax figures dressed in authentic costumes and labeled Mine Host or Farmer Hobbs or The Costermonger. And the general supervision of this country was by a political subcommittee of the Society for the Preservation of British Antiquities; one pictured them as kindly men who met on the steps of the British Museum with their umbrellas raised to protect them from the gentle rain. The oldest of them would say, "We must break no glass," and the next-to-oldest, "We must shatter no illusions," while even the pigeons would be cooing, "Peace in our time."

This England under glass, this England where people of breeding were sometimes not quite sure whether they were themselves or their family portraits, is the subject of Virginia Woolf's last novel (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). The local scene is Pointz Hall, outside an English village; the time is a summer's day in 1939. The plot—well, "Between the Acts" has no plot, strictly speaking, but the action is concerned with a pageant given for the benefit of the local church. This pageant deals with the history of England from the earliest times. It is brilliantly written, and while it lasts it holds the audience together, after a fashion. When it ends, the spectators and the actors disperse to their homes, their daily papers and their daily quarrels; for each of them, "the curtain rises." A summer day has passed and much has been revealed, but nothing has been changed.

It has often been pointed out that Mrs. Woolf's method has little to do with that of the ordinary novel. There is no conflict in her books, no sense of drama or dialectic; there is no progress through difficulties toward marriage or a deathbed. There is not even a story, in the usual sense of the word. Mrs. Woolf in her heart did not believe in stories; she thought of herself as living in a world where nothing ever happened; or at least nothing that mattered, nothing that was real. The reality was outside the world, in the human heart. And her literary method, based on this philosophy, was not to deal explicitly with a situation, but rather to present the shadows it cast in the individual consciousness. When the last shadows had moved across the screen, and when the attentive reader had caught a glimpse of something motionless behind them—"this peace, this rest, this eternity"—Mrs. Woolf had nothing more to say. Her story had ended without having begun.

This method—as I think William Troy was the first to observe—is that of lyric poetry rather than fiction. And "Between the Acts" is the most lyrical of all her books,

not only in feeling but also in style. The historical pageant is written chiefly in verse; the characters in their private meditations are always breaking into verse; and even the narrative passages have an emotional intensity and a disciplined freedom in the use of words that one does not associate with prose. Moreover, Mrs. Woolf uses almost as many symbols as Yeats does in his later work. The first scene in the book is a meeting to discuss a new cesspool for the village—nobody could overlook her meaning here—and the pageant is being held to buy a new lighting system for the church. It is enacted by the villagers themselves, as if to indicate the continuity of English life; Queen Elizabeth after all must have looked like Mrs. Clark the tobacconist. The village idiot wanders across the scene, playing no one but himself. In the last tableau, entitled "The Present Time—Ourselves," the characters bring mirrors on the stage and hold them up to the audience, while a voice howls from a megaphone that they are nothing but "scraps, orts and fragments."

The coming war is scarcely mentioned. Once a dozen airplanes fly overhead in military formation; twice the heroine finds herself thinking—she doesn't know why—about a newspaper story she had just read of a girl raped by soldiers. Yet the spirit of war broods over the novel, and one feels at every moment that bombs will soon be crashing through the museum cases. Factories will rise on the site of the wrecked cottages; the green lawns will be an airfield; the "scraps, orts and fragments" will be swept away.

Virginia Woolf herself would soon become a war casualty, though not in the simple manner that was suggested by the first accounts of her suicide. A phrase in the coroner's report led to an exchange of letters in *The Sunday Times*; a bishop's wife was superior, and Leonard Woolf wrote a frank and dignified answer. It seems that Mrs. Woolf had suffered a mental breakdown during the First World War and, after her recovery, had been haunted by the fear of relapsing into madness. This fear was especially vivid during the period of tension that always followed the completion of a novel. In other words, it was the mental strain of writing "Between the Acts" and not the physical strain of living under bombardment that caused her death. But the book itself is her comment on the war, or rather her elegy for the society the war was destroying, and so we are back at our starting point. When the bombs crashed through the glass that covered England, she was one of the people—and they were not the weaklings or the cowards—who were too finely organized for life in the wind and the rain.

Her books, too, are not written for this new age. If one rereads several of them in succession, as I did recently, one is more likely to be impressed by their narrow range of characters and emotions than by their cool wit and their warm imagination. The outside world has made itself real to us as it never was to the people in her novels. But it would be wrong to treat the judgment of our moment in time as if it were that of history. The days will come again when people have leisure to appreciate her picture of the inner world and her sense of the living past. The spirit if not the body of Georgian England survives in her novels.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

The Tortoise and the Hare

THE JACKET BLURB on the new James T. Farrell novel¹ doesn't lose any time in pointing out that the author is finally dealing with a new social background and problems foreign to Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill. That would be very fine if true, but it is not even nearly true. Farrell is still right in the old groove. Of course, Ellen Rogers might be called middle-middle class while Studs and Danny are lower-middle class when they're lucky, but the scene is still Chicago, the time is still Coolidge, the milieu is still Irish-Catholic, and Ellen went to school with Loretta Lonigan and dated Danny O'Neill's fraternity brothers.

Besides, Ellen is not really the protagonist of the book. She is an expanded edition of Eloise, the flapper in Farrell's earlier short story, "Seventeen," and she is patently incapable of sustaining an entire novel. Before "Ellen Rogers" is a third of the way through, it has turned into a book about Ed Lanson, the devil-may-care adolescent who makes what Farrell would call a "monkey" out of Ellen. Ed even survives at the end to go on to new conquests while they are fishing Ellen's body out of Lake Michigan (which probably threatens a new trilogy). Ed is a fraud and a phony, he quotes Nietzsche, Swinburne and James Branch Cabell (with and without credit) endlessly, but he is the only person in the book with enough vitality to carry a chapter, let alone 436 pages. Ellen is Farrell's typical parochial-school graduate who paints her lips and "goes bad" in cheap downtown hotels, her father is the usual "old gaffer," and the other characters have been just as thoroughly done to death in six novels and a fistful of short stories. But Ed is something new. He has brains and imagination without Danny O'Neill's peculiar stodginess, and he is as realistic and hard-bitten as Studs without Studs's passive acceptance. That Ed is an irresponsible and vicious social outcast is a major tragedy which the book never attempts to investigate: that he is an adolescent with an adolescent's values and book-acquired romanticism is a temporary and relatively trivial condition which Farrell does his best to make into tragedy.

For it is inescapable that this is the least social of all Farrell's novels. Studs was the victim of a brutal economic determinism, Danny was a courageous and more or less unreal battler against it, but Ellen and Ed are no more than victims of a personal perversity, a plethora of dubious ideas and the Jazz Age. They represent no class, no generation, no economic period. Studs was a whole depression generation, but Ed Lanson is no more than a guy named Lester Finnegan you knew in school, and when you have him charted what have you got?

The inevitable question, why has Farrell come to this, is hard to answer. He used to be known as something of a social novelist, a boy who could argue Literature and Dialectical Materialism with the best of them, and now he has

emerged as a sort of inverted Tarkington, the chronicler of the Penrods who go in for gang shags and beating up "dings" in Jackson Park. The easy answer everyone used to have was that Farrell was tapping a golden vein of juvenile reminiscence, and that when it petered out he would go on to larger things. Well, it hasn't petered out, and he has gone on to smaller and smaller things, going back undaunted to scabble for all the low-content ore he passed by at first, and it now seems obvious that whatever Farrell may or may not be, he is not a developing artist.

Perhaps some analysis of his peculiar talent is relevant to the answer. Farrell is a writer with no imagination for plot, no interest whatsoever in the dramatic movement of people on a stage. He is a man for character, for what happens to people inside them. He achieves this by endless pages of dreary dialogue, piling cliché on cliché, and actually without having any ear for the rhythms of human speech, or even any ear at all (he hears saxophones as "brassy"). What is hard to explain is that Farrell does achieve a genuine delineation of character by this mountainous accumulation of trivial detail and endless conversation, that after 1,100 pages of Studs's banality you really know Studs, and know him as you don't know your own brother. Like Dreiser, Farrell has no ability at all for writing in the sense of *writing* (although the new book shows that the critics have kidded him into blue-penciling the worst of it, the "Lillian lugubriously sighed" stuff), but he can achieve a valuable effect by no more than the infinite multiplication of accurate detail.

The trouble with a talent like this, and it is a very real talent, is that it is essentially amoral. It can only show what people are and do, not why they are or what they *should* do. The social novel is intrinsically moral, a judgment from outside, and Farrell simply isn't the boy for it. Which is probably the answer to why Farrell is moving in a direct line away from man in relation to social and economic forces, toward man as a human-interest story. It is the thing he can do best, if not the only thing he can do at all. And the harsher question, why his work revolves almost wholly around the adolescent, either the frank adolescent like Ed Lanson or the retarded and nostalgic adult like Studs, invites a harsh reply. Farrell just seems to be a man who has never had an adult experience.

James M. Cain's new novel¹ has not much in common with the Farrell book besides a woman's name for title. It is about Mildred Pierce, a grass widow who worked up from rags to riches by industry, thrift and being nice to people; and even more about her daughter Veda. Veda is an utterly incredible little girl who is introduced in the novel at thirteen and immediately greets her mother's fumbling statement that father has just gone off with another woman with the line, "If you mean Mrs. Biederhof, Mother, I quite agree. I think she's distinctly middle-class," proceeding directly thereafter to acquire a mammoth and some-

¹ Ellen Rogers, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 436 pages. \$2.50.

¹ Mildred Pierce, by James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 388 pages. \$2.50.

what precocious bosom and become *the* greatest coloratura soprano in the world. The novel has about three books' worth of plot: financial ups and downs, everyone in bed with everyone else, six punchy trick endings one after another. Yet it has many good things. Cain makes no pretensions whatsoever to being a social novelist, but the scenes of Mildred looking for a job, Mildred waiting on table, and Mildred talking to the rich mother of the boy who got Veda into Farrell's favorite condition, are bitter, incisive and unquestionably authentic. Cain's talent is the hare to Farrell's tortoise. He is a slick and accomplished writer, with a genius for effective, sparse dialogue and tight, neat plots with trick endings, preferably ringing twice. Like Farrell, he has been kidded out of the worst of his excesses, the "Bite me! Bite me! I bit her" lines, but unlike Farrell he has now become readable.

And yet, for all of Farrell's weakness and Cain's competence, "Mildred Pierce" is essentially a more minor work than "Ellen Rogers." Weak and unimportant as the Farrell book is, it at least deals with believable people living in a real world, in a tangible city with streets in it. Cain deals with ciphers, picturesque cardboard characters whom he cuts into attractive designs. He has certain specified knowledges that he draws on in all of his novels: the workings of the law, the inside of the restaurant business and the world of music, including the one gesture Scotti used in singing "Pagliacci" and the fact that all coloratura sopranos have been decorated by the King of the Belgians. He has a few favorite themes: fate, the relationship of art and sex, and particularly the relationship of sex and violence. All his books give the sense of having been pieced together skillfully out of these shiny bits of glass, having no organic existence or internal necessity. The blurb speaks of Cain as a "first-rate story-teller," which is so unconsciously fair and exact an estimate of his ability as well as his limitations that no reviewer can add more, except to say that "Mildred Pierce" doesn't seem to be so shocking as either "The Postman Always Rings Twice" or "Serenade," his first two. Incidentally, the same is true of the Farrell book in comparison with his earlier work. You can pass the word on to the circulating-library trade.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

The Fine Art of Murder

Murder Out Yonder, by Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Company. 256 pages. \$2.50.

NOT SINCE the brilliant studies of Edmund Pearson has come along. As Mr. Holbrook's title suggests, he has taken for his field crime in the hinterland, and anyone who is interested in criminology will find his knowledge extended by making the acquaintance of such worthies as Norman Williams, Harry Orchard, Dr. Ruloff and George Abbott.

Of the ten cases Mr. Holbrook has chosen (most of them new to me) it may be said that they can hold their own in any company—and I include those sterling Scottish curiosities purveyed in ever increasing numbers by William Roughead. For instance, no one who has read about revival meetings in the South (or anywhere else for that matter) and has speculated on the interrelationship between sex and religion, will want to pass up the account of Joshua

the Second—otherwise known as Franz Edmund Crefield—who, when he was thrown out of Corvallis, Oregon, for having seduced half the wives and daughters in the town, set up a Garden of Eden ninety miles away, to which he was followed by most of his flock, including one mother who walked the ninety miles carrying her six-weeks-old infant. I won't spoil any reader's enjoyment by giving the dénouement to Brother Joshua's activities, but you won't be let down.

For rugged individualism, New England never furnished anything more uncompromising than "Trouble at Cameron Dam." In this dispute over logging rights in Sawyer County, Wisconsin, John Dietz, who "didn't take any stock in courts," with the help of his wife, two sons and two daughters, turned his home into a fort and held the law at bay for more than six years. The story of the case, and of his eventual surrender, besieged for eight days by an army of deputies (the affair was the newspaper sensation of the day, with almost as many reporters as deputies attending, and incidentally marked the debut of Floyd Gibbons), is a chapter that deserves a place in any work of Americana.

Mr. Holbrook's taste both in the selection and the recounting of these cases is impeccable, and he falls into no such traps of archness as have lately been closing on Mr. Roughead. His documentation, arrived at by visiting the localities where the crimes occurred, talking with everyone who had first-hand knowledge and examining court records and local newspaper files, is thorough and convincing. Amateur criminologists are going to demand that Mr. Holbrook continue with his studies in the enjoyment of murder.

ELIZABETH HULING

Trade Routes

New Directions in Our Trade Policy, by William Diebold, Jr. *Foreign Relations*, No. 2. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 174 pages. \$2.

IN "NEW DIRECTIONS IN OUR TRADE POLICY," Mr. Diebold has attempted two things: to describe the changes which the war has produced in our trade policy, particularly in the Hull program; and to etch out a new trade policy consistent with our national interests and applicable to the period beyond the war.

The Hull program is described as a "liberal" trade policy intended to keep the international market open to the flow of goods and to reduce to a minimum discriminatory legislation which shackles such a universal exchange. Mr. Diebold thinks the program was useful in the pre-war period, for it tended to maintain a disappearing international market. Since the war began, however, it has become useless; and the economic changes being introduced by the war will throw it forever into the discard.

One presumption of most exponents of a free-trade or "liberal" foreign trade Mr. Diebold thinks has been proven completely fallacious. The war has shown that the trade policy of a nation must inevitably be an arm of the national policy. Thus it is no longer plausible to keep national politics separated from economics, as has been hitherto the avowed aim of our government. This separation has resulted only in introducing confusion doubly confounded into our foreign policy and trade.

Passage from a distinguished review of a distinguished book.

“Part of the greatness and unique quality of ‘Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,’ then, is its over-all failure as the ‘work of art’ it does not aim or presume to be and which from moment to moment it is . . . unparalleled intensity of much of the writing, the extraordinarily nightmarish and yet sacred sense of the whole . . . ‘Let Us Now Praise Famous Men’ will be spat upon – and years hence read . . . it is the combined fury and humility of the book that endows it with its special truth.” — Selden Rodman in the Saturday Review of Literature.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

BY JAMES AGEE AND WALKER EVANS

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Mr. Diebold believes that America's interest in the victory of democracy over fascism requires a new program both far-sighted and practical, which can solve the problems America now faces and yet can prepare the ground for the solid co-operation of all nations economically during the period following the war. If Germany wins, then the latter problem will be one for the Western Hemisphere; if the Allies win, then it will be one for the world.

In Mr. Diebold's view, an adequate American foreign policy must rest on four pillars: rearmament, aid to Britain, checking Japanese aggression and solidifying the Western Hemisphere economically, politically and culturally. (Mr. Diebold wrote before Russia was invaded by Germany.)

Mr. Diebold cautions our government against following a rearmament program which will increase the cost of living for consumers and lower the general standard of living both for the United States and Latin America. In relation to our Latin American neighbors, he recommends a broad trade and financial policy which will help them to develop their internal resources, expand industrially and raise their general standard of living and culture. He cautions against a policy of imperialism as creating new friends for Hitler below the Rio Grande.

"New Directions in Our Trade Policy" is unquestionably a competent book, but it is not comparable with a similar study proposing a similar trade program made about the same time by Mordecai Ezekiel for International Reconciliation. Its fundamental deficiency is that it does not reach down to the economic roots of our foreign-trade policy. Its proposals, therefore, sensible though they often are, seem to be picked at random like butterflies out of the air.

RUBIN GOTESKY

Bluebeard's First Wife

Catherine of Aragon, by Garrett Mattingly. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 477 pages. \$3.50.

THIS is a living biography. Nor is its vitality an illusion of colored surfaces or galvanic agitation. Mr. Mattingly does not depend on the baroque brushwork of Francis Hackett to create a glittering Renaissance décor: the splendors of Hampton Court and Wolsey's swelling crimson pageantry are as purely symbolic and instrumental to him as they were to Wolsey himself. Mr. Mattingly disdains the verbal pyrotechnics by which Philip Guedalla subordinates the insignificance of mere history to his own ego: every bit of the craftsmanship in this book is devoted to the theme. The life that pours through its pages derives from the strength and depth of its grasp upon character. What his people were really like, the expression of their characters in action and the effects of their action upon history are Mr. Mattingly's absorbing interests. His success is unequivocal.

Catherine of Aragon was a Renaissance Spanish princess. All three attributives are significant. Her classical education had been supervised by the learned humanists Antonio and Alessandro Geraldini. But her mind and faith, like the Renaissance in Spain, were undeviatingly orthodox. As a princess, she was brought up to seal with her body the imperial alliances of her native land. She sailed for England in 1501, a child of fifteen, to wed Arthur, Prince of Wales

and son of Henry VII. Within four months of their marriage night Arthur was dead.

Her next seven years were years of humiliation: a pawn in the machinations of Henry VII and her father Ferdinand of Aragon, dubiously half-engaged to Arthur's younger brother, sometimes on the verge of being insultingly packed off to Spain, neglected by both kings, turning and patching the once magnificent brocades she had brought in her trousseau, reduced to selling the silver of her dowry piece by piece, sometimes even inadequately fed. No wonder she worshiped the glorious young king and lover who released her from those miseries to the sunlight and happiness of Greenwich: no wonder she continued to be his devoted wife even when he had changed from the rosy-cheeked cherub she had first known and the golden-haired athlete of their early days together to a bull-like Lothario and, at last, an obese monster simmering with vindictiveness and obstinacy.

Mr. Mattingly's supporting figures form a gallery no less brilliantly realized. There are the illiterate and crafty Ferdinand, the devout and crafty Isabella of Castile, the parsimonious and crafty Henry VII; Wolsey, devious, magnificent and disastered; the plebeian and astute Dr. De Puebla and the zealous but undiplomatic Fuensalida; Thomas Cromwell, cynical and reeking of the sewers out of which he scrambled and intrigued his way to power; Eustache Chapuys out of his devotion to Catherine plotting in vain to obtain her consent to Henry's downfall; and—but it were an endless task merely to name the lengthy sequence of Mr. Mattingly's vivid characterizations.

The narrative into which they are woven is everywhere absorbing and, for all the enormous complexity of the issues with which it deals, absolutely clear. The style is always sinuous, often subtle and sometimes passionately eloquent. That Mr. Mattingly has become a partisan of Catherine of Aragon is obvious, but his partisanship for that brave, dutiful, loving and ill treated woman is buttressed by the strictest examination of evidence; and it does not prevent his doing justice even to the unscrupulous Cromwell and the protean charm emanating from the childish, cunning, cowardly and monstrous Henry VIII.

As a historian Mr. Mattingly is neither an uncompromising materialist nor a believer in the heroic school. He sees that abstract social forces for the most part both tear the channels down which the torrent of events rushes upon its way and knead the malleable stuff of individual character. He also sees that there are recalcitrant personalities and individuals whose psychological make-up or position in time may divert the course of events like a rock splitting the current: "But the integrity of granite, not less than the fury of rushing water, shapes the final course of the stream. This is the story of a life which shaped history by not moving with its flow." Catherine might have dethroned Henry by heading the conspiratorial uprising all ready to break out in her favor. But she was no Protestant individualist; she was a faithful wife and a daughter of the universal Catholic Church. She refused. Had she agreed, the Reformation in England might have been delayed, might never have come. But it might also have been that she would have plunged England "into such a bloody series of religious wars as thirty years later broke out in France."

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A Reader's List

BALTIMORE ON THE CHESAPEAKE, by Hamilton Owens (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50). This wise and exceedingly well written history of the port of Baltimore is by all odds the best of the Seaport Series to date. Lively and penetrating chapters on the town's early growth, the famous Baltimore clippers and the privateers who manned them, the British attack of 1812 and the city's occasional bloody riots. Mr. Owens, who is the editor of The Baltimore Sun, has a fine, casual talent for explaining the social and economic pressures that underlie local history.

DRAFTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, by Arthur T. Prescott (Louisiana State University Press, \$5.50). A logical and expert rearrangement of Madison's notes according to topic, together with supplementary documents relating to the Philadelphia Convention. Madison's notes still constitute the best approach to an understanding of the Constitution and the American federal system, and Professor Prescott's splendid job has finally made them truly available to students and general readers. Strongly recommended.

ROBERT CARTER OF NOMINI HALL, by Louis Morton (Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., \$3.50). Not so much a biography of the prominent eighteenth-century Virginian as a factual study shedding new light on the economics of plantation management. Dr. Morton further reduces the influence of the mammy-and-magnolia school of historians by emphasizing that the plantation was largely a self-contained economic unit with commercial and manufacturing as well as agrarian aspects. Tables and interesting bibliography.

MEN OF EUROPE, by André Simone (Modern Age, \$3). A crack European journalist and former leader of the German underground movement takes apart Europe's statesmen to show what makes them tick. Simone has had personal contact with everyone from Churchill and Stalin to the head of the Gestapo's kidnaping department. He has two assets which most foreign correspondents sadly lack: a dramatic, hard-hitting style, and a lot of information which hasn't been told before.

PATTERN OF CONQUEST, by Joseph C. Harsch (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). The Christian Science Monitor's Berlin correspondent tells what has been happening inside Germany since the war began. With plenty of facts to support it, Harsch offers the conclusion that if America enters the war, Hitler is a gone goose.

TALLY-HO, by Arthur G. Donahue (Macmillan, \$2.50). A Minnesota farm boy, the first American to see fighting with the RAF, tells what it's like to take a poke at the Nazis. Plenty of excitement and plenty of information about how RAF pilots live and die.

JOSEPH CONRAD, by M. C. Bradbrook (Cambridge Press, \$1). Some pertinent facts and much shrewd interpretation of Conrad's writing, packed into a seventy-four-page essay. The works are divided into the three plausible sections: Wonders of the Deep; The Hollow Men; Recollections in Tranquillity. A book to own if you read much Conrad.

BIG FAMILY, by Bellamy Partridge (Whittlesey, \$2.75). A big family in a small town seems to have been lots of fun back in the nineties, especially if it included life with father. These humorous recollections make fair social history as recorded on the sunny side of the street, but mostly

it's a book meant to ride in on the author's success with "Country Lawyer."

THE OCEAN, by James Hanley (Morrow, \$2). Another open-boat voyage, this time with the initial sinking of a merchantman being one of those routine matters in the modern battle of the Atlantic. There is only one seaman in the boat, one man to give orders and the other four to obey or flare up against him in their various ways—one is a dying priest, another is deranged, etc. The writing is too muggy for any direct line of action: it is halfway between "Youth" and "Men Against the Sea," without many of the virtues of either. Pass it.

ONE RED ROSE FOREVER, by Mildred Jordan (Knopf, \$2.75). In Pennsylvania, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, "Baron" Stiegel made the beautiful glass that still bears his name. In this long and rather ineptly written historical novel he makes a mess of his life by suppressing considerable talents for love and music to marry into wealth and position. Practically all the characters are frustrated, and that goes double for the reader.

5:30 TO MIDNIGHT, by Ruth Willcock (Harpers, \$2). The idea is to take an office group at closing time on a night when many things in many private lives are coming to a head, and follow the actions of each through the hours up to midnight. The device creaks, because very little of the backgrounds and feelings involved can rise above the author's exposition into action. Readable in its outline of practices and relations in the advertising-art department of a big store, a background with which the author is familiar.

Contributors

MAX WERNER's latest book is "Battle for the World: The Strategy and Diplomacy of the Second World War," recently published by Modern Age Books.

VALENTINE ACKLAND, an English poet, is co-author, with Sylvia Townsend Warner, of a book of verse, "Whether a Dove or a Seagull."

THOMAS REVEILLE is the pseudonym of an economist in the government service. He is the author of "The Spoil of Europe: The Nazi Technique in Political and Economic Conquest," just published by W. W. Norton.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIIS was an ensign in the Naval Intelligence Office in the last war. He was one of the editorial staff which started The American Legion Weekly, and contributes to Collier's, The New York Sun and other publications.

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE's most recent books are "King Cotton Carries On," "The Lumberman" and "High Pressure." He has contributed travel articles, stories and essays to Harpers, Scribner's, The American Mercury and The Saturday Evening Post.

STANLEY HYMAN, who won The New Republic's college-writing contest last year, is living in New Hampshire and writing for The New Yorker.

RUBIN GOTESKY, who formerly taught Philosophy at Long Island University, has contributed to The American Sociological Review, Ethics, Public Opinion Quarterly, The Philosophical Review and The Saturday Review of Literature.

EDGAR JOHNSON is a member of the English department at the College of the City of New York. His new book, "A Treasury of Biography," is scheduled for October publication by Howell, Soskin and Company.

Writers Under Thirty

The New Republic will devote an entire literary supplement, appearing in December, to work by writers under thirty years of age. The Editors expect to include work by a number of established writers, but the bulk of the contributions will be by young unknowns. The New Republic will welcome poems, critical articles and fiction for this supplement. Such manuscripts should be submitted not later than November 15. They should be addressed to "Writers Under Thirty," at The New Republic office, 40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

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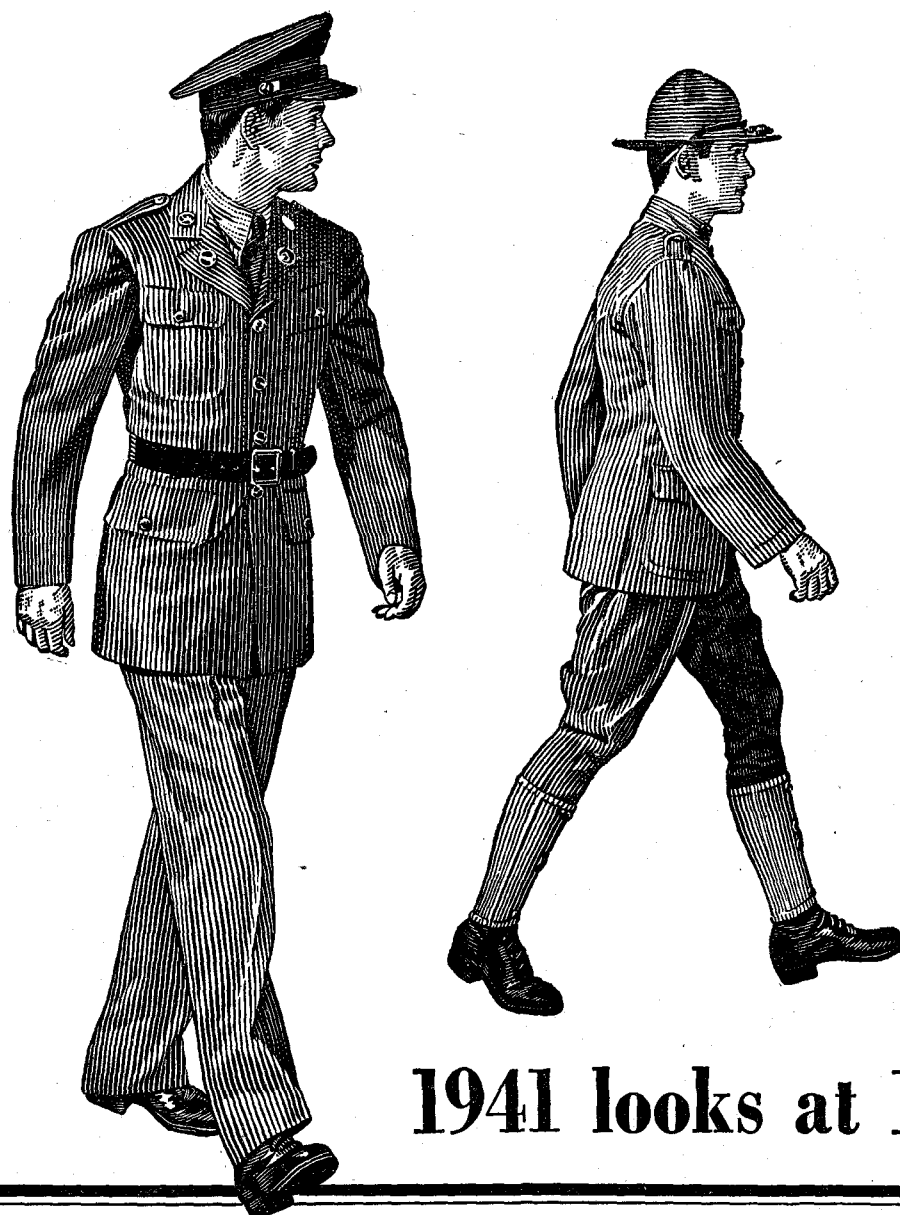
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